

The Bismarck Tribune.

VOL. VII.

BISMARCK, D. T., FRIDAY, APRIL 2, 1880.

NO. 45.

NEWS-NOTES.

—Dakota has ten Indian agencies.
—North Pacific preferred stock 54, common 31 1/2.
—Chas. Vivian, the actor, died at Leadville on the 20th ult.
—The Grand Forks land office will be open for business, April 20th.
—The directory fiend has given St. Louis a population of 450,000.
—The post office and several other buildings were burned at Superior last Friday night.
—The time for holding the fall elections in Iowa, has been changed from October to November.
—M. Favre, the engineer of the St. Gothard tunnel, died six months before its completion.
—It is rumored that Horatio Seymour will accept the Democratic nomination if tendered him by the party.
—The reported withdrawal of General Grant from the presidential canvass is denied by his friends in New York.
—John Sherman and Joe Medill of the Chicago Tribune, are waging a newspaper war, with prospects in favor of the editor.
—James Edward Johnson, colored, was shot and killed by Joseph alias Bigfoot Johnson white, in Washington Tuesday night.
—The Yellowstone Journal states that nearly \$500,000 have been raised in Miles City and Fort Keogh for the Irish relief fund.
—The Sioux Falls papers rejoice that the Milwaukee & St. Paul railroad company has leased the Dakota Southern lines of railroad.
—Sioux City had a \$50,000 fire Saturday, the heavy losses being the firm of Tackabery, Van Kuren & Floyd, \$37,000, insured for \$37,000.
—K. Allen, late express agent at Sidney was arrested Tuesday charged with complicity in the late robbery of bullion at that place.
—The Richmond Gazette says the Michigan settlement above, in that County this year, will break upwards of ten thousand acres of prairie.
—Vanderbilt recently received a check for \$310,000, being three months interest on his \$31,000,000 four per cent bonds, an income of \$240 a minute.
—The Jamestown Alert has discarded patent inside and is much improved in consequence. It says 130 strangers have visited Jamestown during the past fifteen days.
—During the past winter navigation on the Mississippi was interrupted for eight days only. When ice came some of the boats were south and did not lose a single trip.
—Gen. Sherman will leave for Chicago next Thursday to consult with Gen. Sheridan about making arrangements for the removal of the files from their reception in Colorado.
—The House Committee on appropriations agreed upon the Army bill for the fiscal year ending June 1, 1881. It appropriates \$35,425,800, a reduction from the estimate of \$120,075.
—Ex State Senator Kemble, well known as "dutton, division and silence," failed to put in an appearance at Harrisburg when he was to be sentenced for bribery. It is rumored that he shipped for Canada.
—Seeding commenced at Jamestown, according to the Alert, and other points on the North Pacific on the 22nd of March, notwithstanding all the hue and cry made by outside papers in relation to know and ice.
—Eugene Fairfax Williamson, who has annoyed Dr. Dix of Trinity church for some months past by writing letters with forged signatures attached thereto, plead not guilty yesterday. Trial was fixed for April 12th.
—Petroleum has been discovered in Alabama, one well yielding 90 barrels a day. This ought to call for energy into that region and do something toward improving that the most attractive of all southern states.
—A shooting affray occurred at Sturgis City March 30, between John Scollard, a hotel keeper, and a party of soldiers from Fort Meade. One soldier was killed and three wounded by Scollard, who is under arrest. The row was over a game of poker.
—A petition has been sent congress by citizens of Buffalo, N. Y., asking for an appropriation for the construction of a ship canal from Lake Superior to the Red River as an outlet by the way of the great lakes for Dakota's wheat. It is evidently an important measure as the Rail Road Gazette criticizes it severely.
—The Troy (N. Y.) Times, the first paper in the country to advocate a third term, in giving a list of important national events that have taken place in the month of March, mentions the two inaugurations of Gen. Grant, and adds that "Gen. Grant's third inauguration will take place March 4, 1881."
—During Gen. Grant's reception at Junction, Texas, Tuesday night, the gas was turned off from the streets, and lamps and candles had to be used. Sunday night the gas was used in firing a salute were fired, but the spikes were removed in time for use. A reward of \$500 is offered for the party guilty of spiking the guns.
—Dr. Thomas Foster was in the news-paper business at Alexandria, but he talked too plainly of municipal affairs and got whipped. The foreman refused to print another edition of the paper and Foster took his forms to Washington and had the work done. When he returned, he was met at the wharf by three armed men who seized the papers and threw them in the river. They don't allow their city government to be talked about in that country. Dr. Foster is now a clerk in the treasury department.

TRIBUNE TELEGRAMS

IMPORTANT SPECIALS FROM ALL OVER THE WORLD.

Vanderbilt Raising a Corner on U. S. Bonds—Kearney's Party on the Wane—Progress of the N. P. Land Grant.

(Special dispatches to The Tribune.)

KEARNEY'S POLITICAL CONVICTION.

NEW YORK, April 1.—The Times says: "At the election for a commission of free holders of San Francisco, the Kearneyites have been defeated, their candidate for state senator to fill a vacancy, has also been defeated. The successful party is the citizens union. This organization was brought into existence by violence of the sand lot men. The candidates were endorsed by the republicans, and by the more reputable wing of the democratic party. The lightness of the whole vote cast is ascribed to the failure of the so-called workingmen to go to the polls, Kearney and his leaders are furious at this unexpected turn of the affairs, which, coming as it does directly upon the conviction and sentence of Kearney and his lieutenant, apparently settles the fate of the agitators. There is some talk of throwing out the Kearney vote on the ground that the ballots were printed in a manner contrary to law but this is probably the idle breath of desperate and defeated men."

RAILROAD RACKET.

WASHINGTON, April 2.—The House committee on railroads yesterday declared the grant of the New Orleans, Baton Rouge & Vicksburg railroad forfeited and should be opened to settlement. The case of this road is similar to the Northern Pacific but numbers of the commissioners claim this action is, but the first step in the series and the commissioners will take similar action towards all roads where terms have expired.

NEW RAILROAD BILL.

WASHINGTON, April 2.—A bill entitled "An act to complete the Pacific railroad system" and other purposes was reported to the house by Chalmers yesterday. It proposes to restore to the government the one hundred and six million five hundred thousand acres of land granted the southern, Northern, Atlantic and Pacific railroads, and reserve from their sale two dollars per acre for the creation of a fund of \$213,000,000 to be loaned to railroads upon certain prescribed conditions, provisions made that it will not interfere with homestead entry and at the same time to do justice and equity to those who lost legal right to lands during the great financial crisis.

OUR AMERICAN CROESUS.

NEW YORK, April 2.—It is rumored that Vanderbilt desires to sell out his interests in various railroads and put the money into government bonds, wishing to be relieved from the burden of responsibility. It is known he has some 300,000 out of 600,000 shares of New York Central, and it is thought that another 100,000 shares were sold to the syndicate yesterday. It is also thought that Jay Gould is aiming to get control of the New York Central and also trying to buy Vanderbilt's interest in the Western Union Telegraph before the election of directors of that company in October.

NEITHER GET THERE.

WASHINGTON, April 2.—The house committee on elections to-day by a vote of six to five decided that Washburne is not entitled to a seat and by an eight to four vote declare that Donnelly is not entitled to a seat either. Donnelly charges Springer with bad faith.

EUROPEAN ELECTIONS.

NEW YORK, April 2.—Cablegrams state that the elections in Great Britain has so far resulted in decided liberal gains and there is no doubt but that Beaconsfield's government is at an end. The only question now seems to be as to the liberals having sufficient preponderance to make a distinctive liberal policy possible. Gladstone is elected in Leeds.

WOULDN'T HAVE THE PRESIDENCY.

NEW YORK, April 1.—The Herald special says: "Senator Edmunds is reported by his friends to be extremely averse to the presidential nomination for himself. He is even, it is said, inclined to write a public letter declining. In his refusal to accept the nomination, in a conversation with other senators, he is reported to have exclaimed, 'I see not a single feature in the presidential office that would please me.' 'What,' said a hearer, 'not even the power to veto bills?' at which home thrust at his well known critical habit Edmunds had to join in the general outburst of laughter."

DON'T LIKE THE TREATY.

NEW YORK, April 2.—The Sun's Washington special says: "The Pacific Slope congressmen are greatly dissatisfied with the nomination of the commission to negotiate a new treaty with China for the restriction of the Chinese immigration. The Pacific Slope men say that no real attempt to modify the treaty has been made. The personnel of the proposed commission as well as the plan of the

commission is objectionable to the California members.

HARD MONEY AND LOW TARIFF.

COLUMBUS, April 2.—In the National convention this morning the committee on resolutions presented a report advocating hard money and low tariff; denouncing the wrongs inflicted upon the Democratic party and the country at large by the republicans in 1876; and pledging to democrats of Nebraska to right their wrongs as far as possible, and to punish wrong-doers. At 11:15 a. m. the convention was still in session.

THE PUBLIC PURSE.

WASHINGTON, April 2.—The public debt statements shows a decrease of nearly \$15,000,000, the largest reduction but one, (April 1872) ever made.

BRAZIL S. S. LINE.

WASHINGTON, April 2.—In the senate a bill was introduced to establish semi-monthly steamship mail service between Mississippi valley and Brazil.

CENSUS FRAUDS.

WASHINGTON, April 2.—A bill to amend census act passed after striking out certain sections which have been popularly supposed to constitute safeguards against fraud in enumeration.

CHINESE LABOR.

WASHINGTON, April 2.—In the House 5,000 copies of the report of the select committee on depression of labor, upon the subject of Chinese immigration were ordered printed.

ELECTION FRAUDS.

Report of the special committee on alleged election frauds in the late election was submitted. The deficiency bill was taken up, and Mr. Edmunds spoke at length against changes in election laws, after which the bill passed by a strict party vote.

SETTLED AT LAST.

Ex-congressman Lawson, of New York, has been nominated superintendent of the Insurance Department of New York.

STILL HANGS FIRE.

WASHINGTON, April 2.—The Star route deficiency bill was \$1,340,000. Debated until adjournment.

DUKE OF AMERICA.

Gen. Grant had a reception at the St. Charles Hotel, New Orleans, yesterday. Last evening the carnival court selected him a member, with the title, "Duke of America."

DOWN IN A COAL MINE.

BRUSSELS, April 1.—A fire dam explosion took place in a colliery in Belgium yesterday. Twenty bodies were taken out. The entire number of killed unknown. One hundred and fifty persons were in the pit at the time.

FIGHT WITH MEXICAN GREASERS.

SAN ANTONIO, April 2.—A detachment of state troops had a fight on Monday last with Mexican desperadoes. Thirty shots were exchanged. Two Mexicans were killed, and one soldier named Peter Johnson, from Philadelphia.

GRANT'S BOOM.

TOPEKA, April 2.—The Grant people in the republican convention bolted from the regular delegate selected and will send Grant delegates to the Chicago convention.

GEN. MILES.

He is on his way to Washington—Fears that He Will Not Return. (Special Dispatch to The Tribune.)

MILES CITY, M. T., April 1.—Gen. Miles, accompanied by Messrs. O'Toole and Savage, left this morning for Bismarck.

[Gen. Miles has been ordered to Washington to turn over his command at Ft. Keogh. It is rumored that he will be given a command in some other part of the country. It is hoped however that this is not the case, as the loss of the gallant general would be a severe blow to this section. No other officer has the hostile Indian so completely under his control as Gen. Miles. They fear him and respect his bravery. He is a staunch friend of the settlers of the Yellowstone country, and has done more towards the opening of the Northwest and the protection of its pioneers than any officer since Custer's time. His presence on the frontier to curb the savage Sioux is of national importance, and it is therefore universally hoped that he will return.—Ed.]

The Transfer in a Bad Condition.

(Special Dispatch to The Tribune.)

N. P. TRANSFER MANDAN LANDING, April 2, 3 p. m.—The transfer is hard aground. She is on the second bar and river is falling rapidly. If she is not sparrowed off this afternoon it is feared she will break. Capt. Wolfolk is working like a trooper.

Successful and Popular.

Speaking of Rex's statement that the editor of the early riser is crazy, the Fargo Argus says: "Capt. Emmons is just as crazy enough to be one of the most successful, popular and public spirited of Bismarck's leading citizens."

Seeding Commenced.

Seeding commenced on the Troy, Steele, and Clark farms to-day. About 1,000 acres will be sown to wheat on each. 500 acres will be sown to wheat on the Stark farm, and 320 on the President

Hayes farm, and tracts of considerable size will be sown this year on many other Burleigh county farms. This is the first wheat sown to speak of in Burleigh county, but there can be no doubt as to the result. Oats have been raised heretofore, because oats were worth from fifty cents to \$1.35 per bushel, and therefore more money in oats than in any other crop.

"BLUD."

A Modern Goliath on the War-Path "Fammeled" by an Irate David.

A stranger from unknown parts hied himself into town Monday and filled up with bad medicine. The beverage stimulated his imagination to such an extent that he thought himself capable of cleaning out the town, and was prone to wipe the gutter with the faces of good citizens. In his perambulations for gore he struck the Capitol saloon with a war-whoop, bidding defiance to the crowd of customers at that place. Bob Roberts was on hand, however, watching the interests of his patrons and accepted the stranger's challenge. With but little ceremony the fellow was landed on his car in the gutter. With downcast eye and saddened tone he rose and looked about for other worlds to conquer. His off eye, decorated with a maulard roof, espied in the distance the "Pacific" sign, whither he adjourned eager for blood, brandishing a razor and making dire and dismal threats. Walker, a sable-colored but peace loving citizen with muscular propensities disarmed the whilom Goliath and fired him off. Hardly had the dead been buried ere the "brilliant" returned armed with a huge knife and made for his lip. The barkeeper at this stage of the game picked up a long stove poker and beat a tattoo on the stranger's head that called about him all the soldiers of the Fourth street barracks. He cavorted about the room and out into the street like a young buck in a war-dance, the poker still disfiguring his defiant countenance. During the dance he waltzed into the arms of one of McKenzie's deputies, who escorted him to a room in the castle on the hill. At an examination before City Magistrate Glass the modern Hercules was held in \$500 to await the action of the grand jury. Walker has a dangerous cut, and is laid up *pro tem*.

CITY ELECTION.

The Various Tickets in the Field to be Voted For.

The city election occurs on Tuesday. The following is the Democratic ticket: For mayor, George Peoples; city clerk, Con. Malloy; city justice, George H. Glass; city marshal, John Waldron; treasurer, J. D. Wakeman; Aldermen; 1st ward, M. J. Halloran; Louis West-hanser; 2d ward, J. M. Malloy, P. W. Comerford; 3d ward, Wm. Messerve, Gus Thornwald.

The Republicans have made no nominations in opposition, being in a hopeless minority. A ticket however was nominated in opposition by a caucus after consultation on the part of a few leaders of the opposition. The contest is really on the city justice and city marshal, and is largely of a personal nature. There is no party politics in it. The Independent Citizen's ticket is as follows:

Mayor, Justus Bragg; Aldermen; 1st ward, S. F. Lambert, Fred. Strauss; 2d ward, John Whalen, Martin L. Marsh; 3d ward, Asa Fisher, Wm. A. Messerve; City justice, David Stewart; city clerk, H. G. Koykendall; city treasurer, J. H. Marshall; city marshal, Michael McLean.

Messrs. Whalen, Koykendall and Lambert have withdrawn from the latter ticket.

WELCOME MICHIGAN.

Thousands of Emigrants on Their Way to Dakota From That State.

It is a well known fact that a greater immigration is coming to Dakota this year from Michigan than from any other half dozen states. It is also a fact conceded by all who know anything about it, that the attention of Michigan people was attracted to Northern Dakota through Gen. Sargent, whose resignation as general manager of the North Pacific, the Bismarck early riser so loudly demands. Thousands of people from Michigan have already settled on the line of the North Pacific through Gen. Sargent and thousands more are coming. Arrangements have been made whereby families, with their household goods, teams and farm stock are sent through at car load rates and special trains, even, are made up at some points. Michigan is one of the best countries on the face of the earth to live in but in Northern Dakota there are far better opportunities for success for energetic men of small means.

River Report.

Signal service reports received at Bismarck at 10 A. M. this morning are as follows:

Benton—Five inches rise.
Keogh—Yellowstone falling rapidly.
Custer—Big Horn stationary.
Buford—River falling rapidly.
Stevenson—River has fallen about one foot since yesterday. Very little ice running.

Just the Name.

The stage company cannot wait for the ice to clear away so they are making their regular trips regardless. Yesterday nine passengers left the landing in a yawl boat for the other side. They dodged along through the ice and reached Lincoln safe. Another boat left the Point yesterday.

Another Declines.

A short time since a convention was held and Asa Fisher was nominated for mayor. He wishes it distinctly understood that he is not a candidate for the mayoralty.

MISSOURI'S MOTIVES

THEY ARE CLEARLY DEFINED BY TUESDAY'S BREAK-UP.

The Steamer Macleod Wrecked and Transfer Denver Sank by the Rush of Ice—River Notes of Importance.

THE BREAK.

To look at the seething, restless Missouri at the landing one could scarcely believe that last Sunday trains were crossing on Nature's bridge, yet, such was the case. Thursday night it became evident that crossing was perilous; in fact, a portion of the west end of the bridge had sank down out of sight, and the whole institution looked weak and dilapidated. Ned Gilboy with a few flatcars and a dozen men went down about 8 o'clock p. m. to take up the rails, which task was completed about daybreak. The next morning their tracks were covered with the muddy waters of the Missouri. The grand "bust" took place about 5 o'clock a. m. This annual occurrence is a grand sight. The river had already broken above, and the Yellowstone and Tongue rivers had been pouring their torrents into the Big Muddy for nearly a week. It became too full for utterance, and the only alternative was the breaking of the strings of its winter gown. This was done with a vengeance.

ACRES OF ICE.

suddenly upheaved and fell in a thousand pieces. Now the struggle began. Every piece became convulsed, and thought it was more high-toned than its smaller neighbor. They pitched headlong toward the gulf at the suggestion of an angry current. Now and then a large, dirty-faced chunk would lessen its speed and show signs of resistance; this was a bad break. Thousands of smaller pieces would leap upon it, like blackbirds upon a hawk's back. Becoming overpowered by the mountain of ice, it would give a sudden lunge and disappear in the foaming torrents, only to rise again and behold itself in a myriad pieces. A sigh, a moan, and a sudden crash and the Northern Pacific bridge spiles were transformed into toothpicks for the insidious populace of Burke City and St. Louis. Cottonwood trees two feet in diameter that had been cut down by the ice occasionally joggled along, like ship masts on an angry sea.

AT THE LANDING.

but little damage was done other than the wrecking of the Macleod, which was a foregone conclusion. A large portion of her cabin and all the loose ornaments about the boat had been taken off; the ice finished the wreck. Opposite and northwest of the landing on the Mandan side lay the government steamer, Gen. Sherman, and the transfer, Northern Pacific. Fears of their safety were entertained at first, but after the first rush the danger was over. They hugged the Mandan bank, to which familiarity may be attributed their rescue. At Fort Lincoln, five miles below, the transfer boat Denver was nestling in the lap of Point Pleasant. She struggled hard to resist the cold-hearted enemy, but it was no use; like "Frailty," she fell a victim; the 200-ton piece of ice struck her and she vanished. Not a stick remains to tell the story, but it is thought probable that when the rise disappears and the dusky western maiden shall have ceased her flirtation that the Denver will be found at the bottom of the river, slightly disfigured but still worth raising. It was the property of the Northwestern Stage Company and Messrs. McLean & Macnider, who lose about \$5,000.

RIVER RIFLES.

The steamers that will compose the Aiken line this year and transport the government freight are the Gen. Terry, Batchelor, Butler, Benton, Helena, Pennington, Nellie Peck, Pontonelle, Meade, and Carrier. The Gen. Terry and Batchelor will comprise the Yellowstone line. At Sioux City during the two weeks past the river has been very low, and steamboats have had considerable trouble with high wind. The Nellie Peck is half out of water, and the Undine is taking a trip overland to reach the Missouri.

Capt. Grant Marsh is on hand, getting the Batchelor ready for business. He says he has money that says the Batchelor has made the fastest time ever recorded on the upper Missouri.

The Butte narrowly escaped being wrecked. The wrecking of the Macleod gave the Ways company a chance to haul her out, otherwise she would have went with the ice.

The sinking of the Denver will necessitate the advent of another ferry. Her loss is about \$5,000; equally divided between the Stage Company and McLean & Macnider.

The river at Stevenson Monday was sixteen feet above low water mark. A portion of the post was flooded. Such high water was never known at the post before.

Capt. Grant Marsh has been on the river since he was twelve years old and never before seen as much ice in the river as attended this spring's break-up.

Capt. J. McGlendon, one of the oldest pilots on the river, is given to a season's engagement, the wreck of the Macleod having caused him to seek a new birth. It is not known yet whether the Butte or Batchelor will be the first to leave the wharf for the river.

Capt. Braithwaite has returned from trip east and will soon have the Eclipse in ship-shape.

The government surveyors of the Missouri will arrive shortly to survey from this point. Chunks of ice weighing several tons were left on the river bank by the sudden fall.

Capt. Paul Murphy has made no engagement as yet for the coming season. The Red Cloud left St. Louis on the 25th inst for Fort Benton.

PURELY PERSONAL.

Sig Hanauer will return next week.

Capt. D. W. Maratta was in Yankton Saturday last.

Justus Bragg went east Monday to get a quantity of first-class beef.

John Rowland has determined to return to Deadwood and go into trade in that city.

Lieuts. Bailey and Johnson have charge of the recruits who went over to Fort Lincoln this morning.

E. D. Barker publishes a prospectus for a democratic newspaper to be published at Fargo about June 1st.

H. T. Spencer, representing the extensive clothing house of Mathes, Good & Schurmer, is in the city with his samples.

J. R. Spahr, quartermaster Kirk's chief clerk, went east Tuesday. He will return shortly with his wife and family.

Col. Donan, of the Deadwood Pioneer has gone east to be present at the nuptials of an old friend at St. Louis on the 9th inst.

Hon. H. S. Back has sold a half interest in his Antelope farm of 18,000 acres for \$14,000 cash, to Mr. Hugh Moore of New York.

Wm. Glitschka went east Tuesday. He combines business with pleasure and will bring with him a complete new stock of groceries.

Ed. Cahn, the traveling man, thinks Bismarck a hard place. He says a man cannot even sleep in peace. Cahn walks in his sleep.

Ed. F. Barrett, traveling agent and correspondent of the St. Paul Globe, is in the city obtaining subscribers for the coming campaign.

Charley Deisen an old time Bismarck boy will arrive at Bismarck about April 10th and will go into trade at Bismarck or some point on the line.

Lieut. Rogers, of Standing Rock arrived Monday on his way back to his post. He left his wife in the east for a short visit at her home, or Witoma home.

Sut Winston arrived from Stevenson Friday last and returned Wednesday. He is a married man now and his vacations from home are of short duration.

E. Homes, J. J. Eddy, Z. W. Ashley and others whose names were familiar to ye editor in boyhood, of Albion, Michigan, have located at Jamestown.

Capt. H. S. Back, one of Fargo's jolly souls, is having a good time with the Bismarck boys. He is accompanied by a New York gentleman named Moore.

Mr. James Goss, Bismarck's new attorney, has purchased the Charnley house, near the brick school house, and will make other vestments in the vicinity.

F. J. Call returned from his trip to Chicago, Wednesday. He states that everything is booming in the east. Manufacturers have orders three months ahead and jobbers and wholesalers have all they can do.

Fred Drew, the fireman so severely scalded recently near Sixteenth siding, was taken on a mattress aboard the pay car attached to Wednesday's train to Braunert, from which point he will leave for his home as soon as he recovers sufficiently to endure the trip.

H. Karberg, agency clerk at Standing Rock, was in the city Monday and purchased for the use of the agency, two yoke of work oxen of Mr. Collins of this city. Mr. Karberg reports Father Stephen still confined to some extent with rheumatism, but with the return of warm weather he is likely to recover.

Martin Doyle, the Boston Clothing house man of Minneapolis, had better learn how to treat his superior, in the shape of a dog, decent, before he attempts to throw rocks at Bismarck hotels, which are unquestionably the best managed in the northwest. Go on to the Hiss Martin, you won't "wash" in Bismarck.

Award of Contracts.

Gen. Tompkins, deputy Q. M. general has made public the following awards of contracts. It will be seen by perusal that Mr. Bennett, of the Bismarck flouring mills, is among the successful bidders:

OATS.		
	Amount	Price
	per 100 lbs.	
Alexander Barclay, Bismarck	\$8,000	\$1.40
Alexander Barclay, Bismarck	70,000	1.40
W. B. Jordan, Fort Custer	20,000	2.00
W. B. Jordan, Fort Custer	20,000	2.00
John C. Guy, Fort Custer	100,000	2.00
Joseph Leighton, Keogh	250,000	2.00
L. H. W. T. Maxfield, Yankton	250,000	1.00
James C. McVay, Yankton	100,000	1.00

CORN.		
	Amount	Price
	per 100 lbs.	
Alexander Barclay, Bismarck	50,000	1.40
Davis & Wain, Buford	100,000	1.40
Joseph Leighton, Keogh	250,000	1.00
James C. McVay, Keogh	250,000	1.00
W. B. Jordan, Custer	250,000	2.00
Davis & Wain, Austinburg	250,000	2.00

BEAN.		
	Amount	Price
	per 100 lbs.	
E. M. Bennett, Bismarck	3,600	.75
Alvin Heizer, Fort Meade	100,000	2.00
E. M. Bennett, Bismarck	50,000	.75

Grand Buffalo Hunt.

The Yellowstone Journal tells a good joke on Messrs. Williamson and Crump in the recent trip to this city. Cole, the driver, pointed out a buffalo, and the two named gentlemen were anxious to get a shot at him with their revolvers. They were advised by the driver that it was dangerous business to attack a wounded buffalo, and also advised to seek shelter behind a stump a few rods distant. They did so, and commenced firing. One shot was enough. The stump proved to be a buffalo. He became infuriated, and rushed after them. Crump's hair stood up straight, and being short in the motive props soon found himself gazing at Williamson's flying coat-tail. He yelled to Cole "For God's sake drive to us," but Cole paid no attention to him. Finally half scared to death and nearly exhausted he overtook the buckboard, fully convinced of Mr. Cole's advice, and admits that he was sold.

UNDER THE SNOW.
The cold, cold snow! the snow that lies so white!
The moon and stars are hidden, there's neither warmth nor light;
I wonder, wife, I wonder, wife, where Jeanie lies this night.
'Tis cold, cold, cold, since Jeanie went away;
The world has changed, I sit and wait, and I listen night and day.
The house is silent, silent, and my hair has grown so gray;
'Tis cold, cold, wife, since Jeanie went away.
And tick! tick! the clock goes evermore;
It chills me, wife—it seems to keep our child beyond the door.
I watch the freight shadows as they float upon the floor,
And tick! tick! tick! wife the clock goes ever more!
'Tis cold, cold, cold!—were better she were dead,
Not that I heed the Minister, and the bitter things he said—
But to think my lassie cannot find a place to lay her head;
'Tis cold, cold, cold, wife—better she were dead!
The cold, cold, snow! the snow that lies so white!
Beneath the snow her little one is hidden; out of sight,
But, up above, the wind blows keen, there's neither warmth nor light.
I wonder, wife, where Jeanie lies this night?
ROBERT BUCHANAN.

A POMPEIAN BIRD SHOP.
A correspondent of the London Times, in describing the contents of a chamber just opened in excavating the ruins of ancient Pompeii, writes:
No sooner was the excavation of this chamber commenced, than a number of bronze and terra-cotta vessels, bronze fibulae, bracelets and rings, iron keys, kitchen utensils, and other articles of household use, were found almost in a heap together near the door, and among them a considerable number of small earthenware pots, which I somewhat incredulously heard described as drinking cups for birds; but there soon followed abundant proof that this had been the shop of a seed merchant and seller of singing birds, and very little imagination was required to see the place as it was the day before the fatal eruption of '79. At first the room seemed to have been a more receptacle for a miscellaneous collection of bronze and earthenware objects. There was no special character about it. The walls bore no traces of painting, but, as the clearing was continued, to the left of the door on entering a heap of millet seed was found, so carbonized that on taking up a handful it flowed between one's fingers, for every grain was separate and distinct. It was taken away in basketfuls. Close to this a quantity of hemp seed, and of what appeared to be small beans in the same well-preserved condition, were found, and among them considerable fragments of the sacks in which they had been kept, the fibre and texture clearly distinguishable. Behind these heaps and against the wall more seed was dug out, mixed up with pieces of carbonized wood, iron hinges and nails, and some iron hoops, evidently the remains of small barrels and bins which had been ranged on this side, while along the opposite wall a double row of terra-cotta ollae for holding grain was gradually revealed. Suddenly there arose a cry, "un ossa," "un scheletro," and the excitement became intense; but the bones were small—at first they seemed mere fragments, and then the Director exclaimed, amid quickly following laughter, "A chicken." Here the filling in had become somewhat solidified, and as it broke apart a complete skeleton was revealed. It was that of a little singing bird, entirely imbedded in the mass, and near it were fragments of other tiny bones. There could be no longer any doubt that the use of the little terra-cotta pots had been correctly described. It became clear why so many of them were found there; and that the number of plain bronze rings of about an inch and a half in diameter, and pieces of fine chain work discovered, had been used for hanging bird-cages. But what connection had all these bronze vessels and ornaments near the door with a seed and bird-seller's shop? This also soon became evident.

As the excavators continued further into the room, great masses of carbonized beams of wood were found, each somewhat inclined downward, and among them a quantity of fragments of intonae and stucco wall-facings, colored porphyry, with a border of green and white. These were at once seen to be the remains of the floor of the room above with some of the plastering of its walls, and from the direction in which the beams were lying, it was evident that the floor had given way in the middle and toward the door—of the shop below, precipitating the greater part of the contents of the upper room in that direction, the remainder falling towards the middle, and it was here the elegant long-stemmed candelabrum was found among the masses and fragments of carbonized wood. Did the worthy bird-seller live above his shop? Did this candelabrum and the bronze vases and other utensils form part of his domestic furniture? Who can tell? They were elegant in form, but for the most part unornamented, and not out of character with the requirements of a person of this condition. There were some finger-rings of bronze, but none of richer material; there was a strigil with a plain handle; there were women's bracelets and fibulae of delicate workmanship, but only of bronze, some glass beads and a delicate blue cup broken in pieces. The smaller terra-cotta vessels were all of the plainest workmanship. Among them were three small amphorae with flat bottoms, for standing on the table, and the bronzes were of the variety of size and form adapted to household purposes. Some were like jugs with one handle, others were in the form of flat oval tazze with two handles, and one of these had two others of smaller size lying within it. There was one of the exact counterpart of a puit pot, several of flat shape, like casseroles, with a straight handle on one side, and some without handles, like deep bronze soup plates.

Among other things I have not mentioned, found in this room, were a number of small bronze bells slightly depressed into a rectangular shape, like the tiny gold bell found on the Esquiline some years back, and which is so well known as the Marguerita bell from the number of copies made for ear-drops;

two double bronze ink stands, the chain and other fragments of a balance, a bone paper-cutter—a knife of large size, with a bent blade like those used by gardeners—a small square Corinthian pilaster cap of marble, and in one corner of the shop against the wall the remains of a mensola. It may interest archaeologists if I mention that the excavation was made in the insula parallel to that numbered five in the north region, according to Florenti's plan and the shop is entered from the Decumanus Major commonly known as the Strada de Nola, leading to the gate of that name.

Washington Fifty Years Ago.
In those days it was no easy task to reach Washington from distant parts of the country, and the members of Congress from those localities used often to leave their homes three or four weeks before the opening of a session. A few performed the journey in their own carriages, and others rode saddle-horses, which they retained for their own use during the session and then sold. But a large majority of the Senators, Representatives, correspondents and claimants who went to Washington traveled in the stage-coaches, and there was always a great demand for seats just before the commencement of a session, on all the lines which centered at the capital.

Washington had then been called by an observant foreigner "the city of magnificent distances," an appellation which was well merited. There was a group of small, shabby houses around the navy yard and the marine barracks; another cluster on the river bank just above the arsenal, which was to have been the business center of the metropolis; and Pennsylvania avenue from the Capitol to Georgetown, with the streets immediately adjacent, was lined with houses, many of them with shops on the ground floor. The Executive Departments were located in four brick edifices on the corners of the square in the center of which was the White House. Pennsylvania avenue—the Appian Way of our republic—was graded while Jefferson was President, at a cost of \$14,000; he personally superintended the planting of four rows of Lombardy poplars along that portion of it between the Capitol and the White House—a row along each curb-stone, and two equidistant rows in the road-way, which was thus divided into three parts, like Unter der Linden, at Berlin. In the winter and spring the drive-way would be full of mud-holes, some of them exceedingly deep, and some of the cross-streets would be almost impassable beds of red clay, worked by passing horses and wheels into a thick mortar. On one occasion when Mr. Webster and a friend undertook to go to Georgetown in a hackney-coach to attend a dinner-party, the vehicle got stuck in a mud-hole, and the driver had to carry his passengers, one at a time, to the sidewalk, where they stood until the empty carriage could be pulled out. Mr. Webster, in narrating this incident, years afterward, used to laugh over his fears that his bearer would fall beneath his weight and ruin his dress suit. John Randolph used to call Pennsylvania avenue "the great Serpentine bog," and decant on the dangers of a trip over it, to or from the Union Hotel at Georgetown, in the large stage with seats on the top, called the "Royal George."

CURE OF DIPHTHERIA.—When a member of the family is attacked by this fearful disease, the best medical aid should at once be called. The danger is too great to allow this advice to pass unheeded. Indeed, even in apparently light cases, that appear to be progressing to a speedy and favorable termination, the patient often suddenly dies, and what are called the sequence of the disease—its later effects on the organs and tissues of the body—frequently result in death, or protracted disorder and suffering. It will therefore be seen that intelligent professional treatment is necessary to prevent, if possible, such serious results. But in some cases a physician may be so far away as to render his assistance practically impossible. For such, we say there are three principal remedies. The first is the saturated solution of chlorate of potash, given in teaspoonful doses every hour. The French physicians rely largely on this. The second is chlorine-water diluted with from two to four times as much water. A prominent physician of Springfield, Mass., has for the last sixteen years found it almost uniformly effective. Prior to its use, he lost half his cases. The third remedy is sulphur. Dr. Field, of England, has obtained remarkable cures with it. His prescription is, we believe, to mix a teaspoonful of the flour of sulphur in a wine-glass of water, and give it as a gargle. If the patient is unable to gargle, blow some of the dry flour through a quill upon the diseased parts of the mouth and throat; or burn some of the sulphur on a live coal, and let the patient inhale its fumes; or, filling the room with the fumes, let him walk about and inhale them. The patient should always be kept warm, the bowels open, and the system well nourished with easily-digested food.

Dakota Wheat Fields.
Of the four hundred million bushels of wheat produced in the United States, by far the largest portion is sown in the fall, and is called winter grain. The varieties are conditioned by soil and climate, the latitude of Milwaukee marking in general the northern boundary of winter wheat. The area suited for the production of wheat sown in the spring hitherto has been of limited extent, but there is an undeveloped section of the country so wide and far-reaching that it may be regarded as the great summer wheat field of the future. Its capabilities are so vast, and insurance of production so certain, that the millions of the Old World may ever think of it as a land that will supply them with bread.
A traveler making the tour of the St. Lawrence and its connecting chain of Lakes, landing at Duluth, and journeying west over the Northern Pacific Railroad two hundred miles, beyond the first forest of the Upper Mississippi, will find himself on the eastern edge of this broad land of the future—the valley of the Red River, a stream flowing north-

ward to Lake Winnipeg, and thence to Hudson Bay.
In August, 1869, the writer of this article rode over this former hunting-ground of the Sioux, where through bygone ages they chased the buffalo and fought the Chippewas. The valley of the Red river was not a vast expanse. It was a reach of prairie unbroken by the plow. Our own voices or the song of the meadow-lark, plover and curlew, and other fowl, alone broke the solemn, and oppressive stillness of the solitude. At Georgetown the Hudson Bay Company had reared a house, and two or three settlers had set up their cabins upon the banks of the river. We encountered a man whose birth-place was in Virginia, who had been a frontiersman in Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Wisconsin—a vidette of civilization.
"Have you any neighbors?" we asked.
"Oh yes; three families have just settled about twelve miles from here. They are getting pretty thick, and I shall have to move on, I reckon."
They have been getting thicker since, the locomotive is speeding its way across the valley, on the Missouri, and beyond to the Yellowstone; it is flying down the valley to Winnipeg; and soon it will thunder along the Saskatchewan, far away in the distant Northland. Farm-houses dot the landscape; towns have sprung up; the traveler beholds piles of lumber, long lines of farm wagons, ploughs, seeders, harrows, reapers, threshers, and farm engines at every railroad station. Marvellous the change: in 1869 a furrowless plain; in 1879, a harvest of eight million bushels of grain—ere long to be eighty million!—C. C. Coffin in Harper's Magazine.

Suckers and Badgers.
The Madison (Wis.) Journal once printed an account of the origin of the great seal of the State of Wisconsin, and, in so doing, throws considerable light upon the causes that led to the adoption of the term "Suckers" for the people of Illinois, and that of "Badgers" for the inhabitants of Wisconsin. In 1835, before the present State of Wisconsin was organized as a Territory, the principal part of the population was confined to the military forts, missionary and trading stations, and the lead mines in the southwest portion of the Territory. The characteristic terms "Badger" and "Sucker" arose in the lead region, according to the historian in the Journal. The miners were of two grades—those who stayed the year round at the "diggins" and those people who came up from Illinois only to operate during the summer season. The permanent residents, having but little time or material to construct regular huts, were accustomed to burrow into hillsides semi-subterranean cells large enough for bunking and cooking purposes. This peculiar mode of life, being similar to that of the badger—an animal then plentiful in the lead regions—suggested the term of "badger-holes," as applied both to the cave-like homes and the sunken shafts of the resident miners, while the latter themselves were termed "Badgers." On the other hand, the nomadic gentlemen who came up in the spring and returned in the fall from the great prairie State were called "Suckers," as their habits of coming and going were similar to those of that fish. Being in the diggings but a short season, they did not sink regular shafts and burrow under the earth along the mineral veins like the badger, but opened large quarry-pits, seeking for float-ore and such as could be obtained along the surface. The "itinerants" were called "Suckers" because of the similarity of their migratory habits to those of the catostomus, and to distinguish them from the resident "Badgers;" while the open pits, scooped out by the former, were designated "Sucker-holes." The lead-mining region in Southwestern Wisconsin is still plentifully besprinkled with these "Sucker-holes," exhausted and abandoned by the early visitors from over the Illinois border. The distinguishing appellations, "Badger" and "Sucker," became, as an obvious sequence, characteristic terms applied to the entire people of the States of Wisconsin and Illinois, respectively, and to the States themselves.

Stephen Girard's Heroism.
The example of eminent men in the cause of humanity cannot too frequently be cited if we would see their great deeds emulated. The fearful epidemic, yellow fever, prevailed in Philadelphia in 1792. All who could fled. The horrors of the plague, as described by Defoe in his narrative of London, were realized in this American city. Friends, and even members of the same family, abandoned each other on the approach of danger. The poor were dragged off to Bush Hill Hospital, where, under panic and malpractice, few ever recovered. New York passed a legislative act to arrest and imprison any one, sick or well, male or female, coming from Philadelphia or suspected of so coming. Massachusetts passed a similar rigid law. In the midst of this terrible scourge it was announced that Stephen Girard, the wealthiest merchant of Philadelphia, had taken charge of Bush Hill Hospital, whence no one ever returned, and was engaged in shrouding the dying and engaging the dead. He built a new house in the vicinity of the hospital and rented a barn to accommodate the patients who then crowded Bush Hill for cure. And, though Girard had been declared insane and reported dead, he still lived and kept well, and was soon after found on Fifth street in a large house, in which he installed sixty orphan children found in the streets, which proved to be the foundation of the Philadelphia Orphan Asylum.—Washington Republic.

The Baby Plant.
A pleasing botanical novelty is described by an Oregon paper under the name of "baby plant." It is said to be indigenous to Japan, and sometimes reaches the height of four feet. The flower is star-shaped, having five petals of handsome brown and yellow color. The calyx encircles and protects a tiny little figure that bears an exact resemblance to a nude baby, its little arms and legs outstretched and the eyes distinctly marked. Hovering over this diminutive form is a small canopy, angel-shaped,

having extended arms, and wings, and peering closely into the face of the infant. The family of plants of which "the baby" is a member, produced not only the specimen now on exhibition, but also gives perfect imitations, if such they can be designated, of different animals, insects and birds. Mr. Mark Hopkins, of San Francisco, has one of the latter varieties, for which \$300 was paid. The plant grows to be about three feet in height, when fully matured, and when in full bloom the one now in this city will look like a shipwreck foundling hospital.

TELEGRAPHIC DISEASE.—Shoemakers who work in narrow and over-heated rooms and in bent and constrained positions are subject to consumption; the students having too much brain-work and too little out-door exercise, tends to dyspepsia; the farmer's wife, with farm cares added to her family cares, tends—more than any other class of persons—to insanity; the clergyman even has given his ministerial name to a throat-ail, a disease that is caused by bad diction, undue exposure after speaking, and especially to spiritual, parochial and personal anxieties. These are among the old-fashioned diseases. New employments bring new ailments, and among these is "the telegraphic disease." Of course, it is only a small percentage of persons that show the morbid tendency of any employment. High health, based on a vigorous constitution, will, with a modicum of care, stand a very great amount of imprudence and exposure. The telegraphic disease comes mainly to females of a nervous organization—the very class that is most apt in telegraphy. The cause of the disease is close, unvarying attention. There is no room for automatic work. This acts steadily on a single part of the brain, affects it injuriously, and causes palpitations, vertigo, wakefulness, weakness of sight, and, later, depression, loss of memory, etc. There are two courses open to persons employed at telegraphy who find themselves thus affected. The first is to abandon the business. No present advantage can compensate for nervous disease. The second is to use their leisure hours so as to give complete rest to the exhausted portion of the brain. Company, amusement and entertaining books are specially healthful in this disease. The patient should also retire early, so as, if possible, to secure an abundance of sleep. As an aid against wakefulness, divert the blood from the head to the feet, by heating the feet in hot water just before retiring. Good, nourishing, easily-digested food is also necessary, with oat-meal and unbolthead wheat-meal as part of the daily diet. Strong tea or coffee should not be used.

Eccentricities of the Olden Time.
Mr. J. Underwood, who died in 1733, left £8,000 to his sister on condition of being buried in the following manner: At the grave-side, six gentlemen, who were appointed to follow him, sung the last stanza of the twentieth Ode of the second Book of Horace. No bell was tolled nor black worn; no one was invited but these six gentlemen; and no relation followed the corpse. The coffin was painted green, and the deceased was buried with his clothes on. With him were buried three copies of Horace, Bentley's Milton, and a Greek Testament. After supper, they sang the thirty-first Ode of the first Book of Horace, all being in strict accordance with the will.
A maiden lady who died in 1786 left the following singular legacies in her will: "Item—I leave to my dear entertaining Jacko (a monkey) £10 per annum during his natural life. Item—To Shock and Tib (a lap-dog and cat) £5 each for their annual subsistence during life; but should it happen that Shock died before Tib, or Tib before Shock, then, and in that case, the survivor to have the whole.
About 1770, there was living in London a tradesman who had disposed of eleven daughters in marriage, with each of whom he gave their weight in half-pence as a fortune. The young ladies must have been bulky, for the lightest of them weighed £50, 2 shillings and eightpence.

Her Dowry.
At the very moment when a French mademoiselle makes her appearance in the world, her papa begins to think of her dot. A sum of money, however small, is immediately put away in her name. Every year he saves from his income, and these savings are added to the original sum. Any unexpected windfalls brought to him by a good stroke of business or fortunate investments are wholly or in part consecrated to the same purpose. Thus the original amount, insignificant in the beginning, being always put at interest, increases itself to a pretty little dowry by the time the little girl has reached a marriageable age. Unlike many heads of families in America, who, from the very warmth of their affection for wife and children, spend their entire days, and often evenings, toiling at counting-house and office, the French husband and father lives in the midst of his children, occupying himself constantly with their wants, their wishes and the growth of their minds. His business hours are short; therefore, he has time for walks, excursions, drives, in all of which, when possible, he makes them his companions. Thus intimate relations between parents and children are from the beginning established and maintained, the feeling between father and daughter seeming to be peculiarly beautiful. He denies himself pleasures, even comforts, that he may provide for her future. She repays this devotion by implicit obedience and unquestionable love.

A cow that is milked three times a day will give more milk and yield more cream than one that is milked at intervals of twelve hours. When the udder is filled a process of absorption goes on and part of the milk secreted is thus lost. It will pay to take the milk from copious milkers at intervals of eight hours as nearly as possible. A cow that is milked at 5 in the morning, 1 in the afternoon, and 9 at night will yield from 10 to 20 per cent. more milk and more cream than if milked twice a day.

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SEA-WAVES.

BY CORIN DORA.

Life, O! gray mist, from the sea,
Lift not one bright wave from me.
See! his lifting, and the sun
Tops with glory every one.
Watch each tiny wavelet play
Up the sand, then back—away,
Ripping up the pebbly shore,
Each the other lapping o'er;
Frolicking in wanton glee;
Children of the grand old sea.
See waves, as ye come and go
In your ceaseless ebb and flow,
Lave my earth-trimmed hair,
Ease their burning, cool their heat,
Deal your white spray on my brow,
I rest my throbbing temples so,
Cool, bright sea-waves, and ye bear
On your placid bosoms there
While-winged ships from many a clime,
Gaze the fair sky there outtimed,
And reach your cool waves so deep,
Lazy sunbath and sleep;
In your bright reflection there
We read the mermaids dress their hair.

But the scene is changing now,
And each vessel dips her prow
Deep in waves as black as night—
See them dashing in our sight!
The wind blows free and strong,
The mad waves wildly dash along,
The smart and hissing foam shoal,
Whirl and toss in upward roll,
Like a fierce conerter bound for home,
Up the red sands they leaping come;
Then, trailing back, they leave a line
Of golden shells and green sea vines,
So, O! bright waves, I will stand,
Watch you play with the moonbeams play
Hide and seek, then dart away.

And you're beautiful, but when
Darkness gathers o'er the main,
And your billows tower on high
Till they seem to reach the sky,
You are grand, sublime to me,
Wild, majestic, dead old sea,
MADISON, CT.

STRATFORD'S ROMANCE.

A Tale of Colonial Days.

NEW HAVEN, Conn., Nov. 15.—Some days ago a gentleman made a thorough search among the mounds and broken down tombs of the old cemetery at Stratford for the grave of John Ruggles. He found one beneath which he was firmly convinced the bones of Ruggles lay, but his confidence was greatly shaken by the discovery of two others whose appearance and position so nearly corresponded with the description of the spot where Ruggles was buried, that he was obliged to go away in great doubt about the place. There is reason to believe he would have ceased to be put up a small shaft with such an inscription as would have shown that Ruggles played a part in one of the romances of the revolution.

Had Benjamin Beach—who died when he was 97—been alive, the grave would probably have been easily located. For Benjamin Beach—Uncle Ben the boys for a generation and a half called him—by reason of his own remembrance and especially because he had a father who suffered no matter of revolutionary times to fail of becoming traditional, had a good deal to say first and last in his lifetime about John Ruggles. It was from Uncle Ben that his neighbors, fifty years ago, learned that Lily Stirling, of Stirling Castle, England, had sent a matter of £20 to America for a suitable tomb for John Ruggles, and Uncle Ben always insisted, with a mysterious expression in his eyes, that the man who got that twenty and had to fulfill his trust came to just the fact and that might have been expected.

Now the tale that the old man used to tell about John Ruggles and Abby Folsom of Stratford is so well corroborated by history in some of its details, that gentlemen of a studious and antiquarian turn have not hesitated to accept the whole of it. This is the story, which I have never before been in print, and which I have been only able to gather through putting together traditions, and from what I heard out of the mouth of old Benjamin himself before he died.

John Folsom of Stratford was respected by the old men of that village because there was not a man from Dickerman's forge, on the New London turnpike, beneath the great East Rock in New Haven, to Ephraim Lang's elm-shade smithy in South Norwalk, who could begin to shoe a horse or mend a plow like him. He was also well esteemed as well as feared, because he was the most pronounced hater of King George the Third in all Haven colony. But in the eyes of the young men of that elm shaded village, and along the coast for ten miles each way from the Stratford tavern, there was no man better worth while to be friendly with than John Folsom, for he was the father of a girl who was so far a to have fame on account of it, and who was so brave and so true to the cause that the Continental army was fighting for, that the young men, for sheer modesty and debasement of their own worth, stood aloof from her and admired her with the mutual admiration that men can share when none of them is preferred above the other.

By common consent, however, it was felt that the dark-eyed Abby would be a good time to marry young Silliman, who was so brave that he had been promoted by Gov. Trumbull, and the Council of Safety a Major General and the Superintendent of the coast of the county of Fairfield.

They had seen young Silliman peeping over the high backed pews of the Congregational church in Stratford at Miss Abby in a manner that the young men and young women of that day did not understand the meaning of. So although the blacksmith's daughter never looked to the right nor left—as she must have done to have seen anything except the Rev. Mr. Osford, who was directly in front of her—still the young men felt that the son of Major Gen. Silliman, who gave promise himself of becoming with years as brave a fighter as his father, and moreover, had favorable antecedents, and promise of future good fortune, barring the accidents of war, might not cast such eyes over the high-backed pews in vain.

One morning, when the clime was just "feathering," and John Folsom was beating flint-lock muskets into shape on his anvil—without charges, they being designed for the militia—John Ruggles rushed into the shop, and with no thought of his buckskin small clothes, leaped upon the forge, so near to the cinders that it was a wonder that he did not feel the sting, and said:

"They've got the General of the armies and the lad."

"What is it now that you mean, John?" asked the blacksmith. Had anybody but John Ruggles rushed into the smithy in that manner and made such a remark of a sudden, he would have heard how terribly John Folsom could speak when he had a mind to. But ever since John Ruggles had been stunned by a stroke of lightning, and was found in the lot sense-

less, with his coat and waist coat thrown over little Abby to save her from the rain and storm, John Folsom's words to him were as gentle as those of his gentle wife's, especially as the stroke had seemingly blotted out the greater part of John Ruggles' reasoning powers, as well as brightened the little that was left.

"The British came over the sound, I say, and they did enter the house of Gen. Silliman last night, while he was sleeping, and they took him and the boy in the small boat back to Long Island, where they will keep them as prisoners, if they don't shoot them first."

"The vengeance of God be upon them," shouted John Folsom, throwing down his hammer and bracing up his small clothes.

"Why, father, do you imprecate? What is the meaning of it?"

So said Miss Abby as she stood on the threshold of the shop, with a bunch of purple lilacs in one hand and some white ones in the other. She wore no bonnet, but instead, a cap that only partly concealed her thick dark hair. Her petticoat seemed to be of homespun, and was not long enough to hide a foot of which she was as proud as she ought to have been. Her father did not heed her, but went on down the main street in terrible excitement.

"Cause enough—cause enough to call for vengeance." These words came with a muffled tone, as if from the fire-place, but Miss Abby knew well enough who uttered them.

"Come now, I beseech you, John, tell me what this is that has stirred my father so greatly."

She seemed to be talking to John Ruggles' legs. He had, at the sound of her voice, thrust his head up one of the chimneys, so that an inch or so of his red waist-coat, his leather short clothes, and his woolen stockings were all that was left visible of him. But this Miss Abby took as a matter of course. For, from the day he had been struck by lightning, with little Abby in the lower meadow with him, he had avoided the sight of her face, so that he concealed his own in the places most easy of access when he came upon her suddenly. If he ventured into John Folsom's kitchen, he did not heed the gentle mother, who was said to have some of England's best blood in her veins; but so surely as Miss Abby came into the room, John would go to the cupboard or great open fire place, and once, being in need of haste, he thrust his head into the huge brick oven and took in the fragrance of mince pie while singing a song and talking to Miss Abby.

They had come, long years ago, to pay no attention to this, saying that it was a visitation from heaven, and remarking that "God moves in a mysterious way." But if John Ruggles could not bear to see Miss Abby, there was no person for whom he would sooner use his big muscle, either by way of walking, running, or digging paths in the snow so that she might safely venture to church in the winter season.

"Tell me, John, what is the meaning of this? Why does my father talk so earnestly with Mr. Dickerman, and Mr. Peter Davenport, and with the other young men, as I see him now over on the meeting-house steps?"

"The British have taken away General Silliman and the boy," came in reply from the chimney, and then, to the melody of "China," issued forth the first line of the hymn beginning:

"Broad is the road that leads to death,"

"Captured Gen. Silliman!" said Miss Abby, interrupting the melody, her eyes flashing. "Who did, and how? Tell me now, John Ruggles."

John told her as laconically as he had announced the abduction of the General to her father.

"Then he must be recaptured," said the fair Miss Abby, stamping her little feet.

"And he will be," come from the chimney.

Back from the meeting-house steps came John Folsom with a dozen men, young and old, about him.

"You will recapture the General and his son, father."

"With God's help," John Folsom answered.

"And you will help my father, I venture, Ezekiel Dickerman?" she said, to a young man whose figure was too large and symmetrical for his clothes.

"That we will," replied Ezekiel, for himself and the others.

"I pray you, if any of you have the acquaintance of the manner of capture, tell me, that we may know how best to act," said Miss Abby, with the decision of a commander.

"Not so, Abby. Go back to the house and assist your mother," John Folsom answered. "We will bring back the General."

"And his son," said Ezekiel, looking slyly at Miss Abby.

"And his son," said the other young men.

"But I must know it. I will. You, Ezekiel, you will not refuse me?"

Ezekiel put his three-cornered hat under his arm, and with more color in his face than a strong man ought to have, except while granting a favor to one so fair as Miss Abby was, told her that Gen. Silliman was awakened the previous night, just after midnight. Eight men battered at his doors as though they meant to break it. The General seized his musket, and was about to open fire on the eight men from one of the upper windows, and no doubt would have given one or two of the contents of his musket had it not flashed in the pan. Before he could reprimand they had broken in the windows, and had the old General seized and bound, and his son with him. Then they took the prisoners to the boat, by which they had come from Smithtown on Long Island, by command of Sir Henry Clinton, and carried them back to Smithtown; at least, Ezekiel thought they had taken the General and his son to Smithtown, beyond peradventure.

Now this was such an outrage that the young men of Stratford, when they heard of it, were for going at once with John Folsom as a leader to Long Island, and they said that they would either bring their bodies on the island.

"That is nonsense."

"Who said that?" John Folsom asked.

"I did," said John Ruggles, who had come forth much the worse for soot, and who had his continental hat drawn well over his eyes and his back constantly to Miss Abby.

"Well, what would you do, Mr. John Ruggles," Ezekiel Dickerman asked.

"What did the British take him for? What will they give him up for? You can't capture him. They will take him to New York I venture. Can you get there? So it is nonsense."

"Tell us now John, what can we do," said Miss Abby, who was the first to see the force of John's suggestion.

"Go and get another man. Some man of repute, of theirs. Then exchange."

"John is right, I venture," said John Folsom. "Let us make ready at once to seize such a man. What say you to sir Henry Clinton?"

"That effort would be of no avail," said Miss Abby. But methinks I have it. Did I not hear that the honorable Mr. Jones, who was a great judge in New York State, who was so staunch a loyalist that he now lives with the king's army in Hempstead, somewhere across the sound from here? Go and take him, and see how long they will keep our General and his son from us."

"That is wisdom," said John Ruggles. "She is right. This Mr. Jones lives in Hempstead and fearing no capture can be captured."

"Who will go with my father," Miss Abby asked, "and show these British soldiers that there lives in New Haven colony men as brave and daring as any in their red uniform. I would I could go myself."

Not less than ten young men, and one old man, Josiah Bishop by name, volunteered at once, but John Folsom objected to Mr. Bishop. "You are too old. The exposure and fatigue will be, peradventure, the death of you."

"No," said John Ruggles. "He who has the Grace of God and the asthma lives many years. Mr. Bishop has these." It was agreed that Mr. Bishop should go to take charge of the little sloop in which they purposed crossing the sound.

When they came to start a few days after, it having been deemed best to wait awhile and allay all suspicion. Gov. Trumbull, hearing of the expedition, gave it his sanction, but suggested that Capt. Daniel Hawley of Newfield, which town is now Bridgeport, be put in command, as one who was better acquainted with the towns and highways of Long Island than John Folsom was. To this the blacksmith and his daughter agreed, and the girl with her mates saw to it that the expedition started with no lack of provision or cartridges.

They set sail from Stratford one night before the moon was up, and by dawn came to anchor in a bay that must have been what is now known as Little Neck bay. This was not less than thirty miles from the Hon. Mr. Jones' house on Hempstead plains, but the Stratford men made their way to that house without discovery.

In the evening they silently approached it. Capt. Hawley, John Folsom, Ezekiel Dickerman, and another young man were to enter suddenly and seize Mr. Jones. The others promised to remain outside and prevent a rescue. They found the house lighted, and could see through the windows the moving forms of men and women as they went through the figures of a cotillion. They heard music, too, and were satisfied that it was a night of merry-making at the Hon. Judge Jones'.

Capt. Hawley knocked at the door. There was no response, and so he, with John Folsom burst it open, and the first man they eyes fell upon was Mr. Jones. They made short work of getting him out doors, albeit they were courteous to him. Meanwhile Ezekiel Dickerman, having the remembrance of young Silliman in his mind, made a young gentleman who was richly dressed a prisoner for the space of five minutes, and then lost him. At this Ezekiel was exceedingly grieved, for he believed he had a man of rank and title, and was so angry that he went back to the house and seized the first man he put his eyes upon, and a weak inoffensive youth he was. But Ezekiel got a fair view of his first prisoner, and he said that the young man was as handsome in face and elegant in manner as he was in dress.

Capt. Hawley and John Folsom got back to Stratford with their prisoners in full time to take their accustomed places in the high-backed pews on Sunday morning. Gen. Silliman's wife would not hear of the Hon. Mr. Jones' confinement in jail, and begged that she might receive him at her house and treat him as her guest. Now, this Mr. Benjamin Beach, the senior, always claimed was a great courtesy and honor, for in all the length and breadth of Connecticut there was no lady who was her superior as a hostess. But Mr. Jones was disposed to be sullen and distant until he met Miss Abby Folsom, and this young lady's beauty, and her disposition kindly to tease him about the trick by which he was made a prisoner, brought his spirits back; and when the exchange was effected by which Mr. Jones went back to New York and Gen. Silliman was returned to his family, the dignified judge is said to have been very decided in his praise of a little village beauty whom he met in Stratford. The report came back to Stratford that Mr. Jones had proposed the health of the fairest American rebel at the dinner party that he gave to celebrate his return.

There happened to be, at this dinner party the young gentleman whom Ezekiel Dickerman made a prisoner for the space of five minutes, and this young man had expressed himself as appreciating the pluck of young men who dared to do what these fellows did.

"If the Continental army is composed of such stuff," he said, "they are in a fair way of making very much more trouble for the crown."

"There are many brave men in the Continental army, Sir John, though misguided, I think; and the women are not less brave."

"I would greatly like to meet such a young woman as that," said he whom Judge Jones addressed as Sir John.

It may have been two years or a little less, after Cornwall's surrender at Yorktown, that two strangers passed down the main street at Stratford at a leisurely canter.

They pulled their horses down to a walk as they passed John Folsom's door, and he was glad they did so, for it gave him a chance to take such a look at good horseflesh as he delighted to take. Instead of going by, one of the gentlemen turned his horse toward the forge and then dismounted.

"I think my horse needs a new set of shoes," the gentleman said.

"Not badly," John answered, as he looked at the iron.

"If I have him re-shod now, I shall have no occasion to feel anxious about him for some time."

"If you insist, I will shoe him as well as I know how."

"They tell me on the highway 'twixt here and New York, that no man shoes a horse quicker, better, or more honestly than you."

"I believe they tell you the truth."

"I'll walk about a bit, for my limbs are cramped because of long riding."

The other man, evidently a servant, kept his seat, but the gentleman, who had dismounted, walked up and down the highway. At last he stopped, and seemed to be looking over the fence into the garden that John Folsom's house was flanked by.

Presently Miss Abby Folsom came out of the house and stood by the gate that opened to the highway that leads to New Haven. The sun was less than half an hour high, and its rays came across meadows, unbroken by house or hill, so that she was completely enveloped in them, and when the gentleman first saw her, he thought that it was well worth coming many miles for such a picture as that.

When he stood before her, with uncovered head, as he did presently, and saw her beautiful face, that the mellow rays touched gently while brightening the hair that fell carelessly over her forehead, he did not conceal his admiration, and he said at once:

"Surely I have the honor to be speaking to Miss Abby Folsom?" and when she replied with a courtesy that was as graceful as his obeisance, and looked at him almost smiling, and yet with an expression of surprise, he said to himself.

"Here is a lady, if ever there was one, and none more beautiful."

Then he introduced himself as Mr. Sterling, and said that he had heard of her kindly through Judge Jones.

"Then you have acquaintance with Judge Jones," said Miss Abby, smiling. "Does he feel hardly to any of us? For I doubt not he told you how he was made a prisoner."

"Let me assure you he entertains nothing but kind feelings and the great admiration for the young woman who suggested the expedition that made him an unwilling guest of Gen. Sullivan's consort, and he has been so warm in his praises of that young woman that he has performed made his friends share his feelings."

Here Miss Abby smiled, and then asked Mr. Sterling whether he would have done differently had he been one of the Stratford young men.

He assured her that he did not see how the young men of that place, when inspired as they must have been by her counsel, could have done otherwise.

They stood there until the sun had set, and Miss Abby urged the gentleman, with no undue show of pressing hospitality, to come into the house and join her father and mother and herself at the supper table. He declined, but said that, with her permission, he would walk that way next day, for he purposed staying some days in Stratford.

It so happened that when he went back to the forge he met there Ezekiel Dickerman and John Ruggles, and saw Ezekiel start, and then look closely at him.

"My prisoner, I'll venture my life," said Ezekiel to John Ruggles.

"Ask him," said John.

"You were on Long Island, I'll venture," said Ezekiel to the stranger.

"I have been there."

"Mayhap you remember that I had my hands on you for five minutes one evening in Judge Jones' garden."

"Indeed, I remember that well, and no small pluck of you. Are you the man? Surely you had no beard then?"

"I had not, and I ceased not to reprobate myself that I suffered you to give me the slip."

Mr. Sterling laughed heartily at this, and assured Ezekiel that he should not have the slip now, and with that urged him to get together all the young men who were in that party, whom he could, and bring them around to the tavern.

"And be sure you come, John Folsom," he said. "The war is ended; let us be friends."

John Folsom was so greatly pleased with that sentiment that he went with the others to the grand dinner Mr. Sterling gave his would-be captors at the tavern, and of all the men who drank heavily and showed it, none drank deeper nor showed it less than John Folsom; and when Mr. Sterling rose and proposed the health of Miss Abby Folsom after the manner of Judge Jones, as he intimated, John Folsom felt that his cup of joy was full. The toast, however, led to a little conversation in an undertone between Ezekiel Dickerman and another youth, that John Folsom did not hear, but which Mr. Sterling did.

"Young Silliman was there Sunday night, Ezekiel."

"So I hear."

"But she seems averse to him."

"Only the way of a pretty girl."

"They'll be married by the next Thanksgiving, I venture."

"A safe venture, Samuel, for young Silliman has a promise of doing well in New York."

Mr. Sterling did not quit Stratford the next day, nor for many days, and he hovered around Miss Abby after the manner of a lover. So it was said that he was really "keeping company" with Miss Abby, and that she did not really oppose him.

Some how or other rumor had it that Mr. Sterling was a peer to the realm of Great Britain, and then it began to be whispered that Mr. Sterling had a wife in England.

John Ruggles stoutly denied this.

"Do you suppose Abby Folsom would not find that out?" he said.

The story circulated, and there were few who did not believe it. It got to young Silliman's ears, and he made a great ado about it, and when Ezekiel Dickerman proposed one evening that Mr. Sterling be put on his horse, and led out of town far on the New Haven turnpike, there were young men enough in Stratford who were ready to have a hand in the business.

John Ruggles disappeared suddenly one day, while all this fuss was being made, and the excitement this caused,

added to the undercurrent of feeling that had set in against Mr. Sterling, put the young men in such a state of mind that they were ready, at any time to act on Ezekiel Dickerman's suggestion. There came one evening a rumor that Miss Abby was to marry Mr. Sterling, and that speedily, and then Ezekiel Dickerman made all haste to see young Silliman. Failing in this, with two companions, he went straight to the forge, and then he told John Folsom the story that had troubled him so greatly. John Folsom said nothing, but rested with his elbows on the helve of his big hammer awhile. Then he put on his coat, braced his small clothes, and went straight to his cottage followed by the young men.

They found Mr. Sterling in the kitchen, holding a skein of yarn, which Miss Abby wound into a ball.

Before a word was said the door was thrown open violently, and John Ruggles came in, going straight to the big fireplace, and standing there with his head concealed.

"Mr. Sterling," said John Folsom, "I would fain not say what I must, but it's my duty. Ezekiel here, who is a trust-worthy lad, and the others say, what I can't believe, that—that—"

"You have a wife in England," said Ezekiel, impetuously.

There was a noise like the sudden rush of wind; a scuffle, and Ezekiel Dickerman lay on the grass, sore with the force of the blow that John Ruggles had dealt him, and with the violence with which Ruggles had ejected him from the house. Then John Ruggles went back to the chimney.

"It is false," said Abby Folsom; "I will trust this man without the word of denial which you want."

"Praise God from whom all blessings flow," came melodiously from the chimney, and the hand of John Ruggles was seen stretched out with a letter in it.

"For Abby," he said.

She took it, and without reading it, handed it to her father.

He read it, and then took Mr. Sterling's hand. "Remember, Sir John Sterling, that I did not accuse you, and assure these young men that until this moment I knew not that you had a title."

"I knew it, father," said Miss Abby.

"This letter," added John Folsom, turning to the young men, "is signed by the Hon. John Jones. It gives his congratulations both to my daughter and to Sir John Sterling, on account of their approaching nuptials, and adds that he has known of Sir John from his boyhood. John Ruggles, did you go to New York to get this?"

"I did; why not?"

Sir John Sterling without a word rose, and taking from his finger a ring of much value, seized John Ruggles' hand and put it on the third finger.

Not many days after Sir John Sterling married Abby Folsom, and soon after sailed for England, leaving her behind. There were some who said he never would return. He never did, but he sent his secretary for her in a vessel richly prepared for her comfort.

In Burke's Peerage is the following memorandum:

Sir John Sterling married to Miss Folsom of Stratford in North America, by whom he had a numerous family. The title is borne to-day by the grand nephew of Sir John Sterling.

An Interesting Pauper.

At a recent weekly meeting of the Charlot Board of Guardians, Manchester, England, the clerk said that in the list of deaths at the work-house this week was one of somewhat remarkable character—Charles Cartwright, aged sixty-two years. He had for a short time held an office in the house of a subordinate kind. At the commencement of his life Cartwright lived for many years in very different circumstances, and it was reported that he had got through two fortunes £40,000 and \$80,000 each. He knew from one of Cartwright's apprentices, who was a friend of his, that he used to drive to his work in a carriage drawn by four horses.

He was a man of considerable education, and it was interesting to converse with him. It was reported in the work-house, and he never denied it, though he was charged with it frequently, that in addition to composing little poems which were inserted in the newspapers at Stockton and elsewhere, he was regularly engaged in writing sermons for some clergymen with whom he had a permanent connection. Cartwright wrote fluently. He lived very contentedly in the workhouse, where for some time he was paid for by his friends. He was taken out sometimes, but he could not control himself when outside, and no matter what allowance was made to him, he spent it. He had a great number of friends, and he frequently applied to make arrangements for his maintenance out of the house. At one time he had an allowance of £1 per week, and he used to drive about in cabs, smoking expensive cigars and dining in the most expensive restaurants. Mr. Bailey said that not twelve months ago he was at the workhouse when Cartwright drove up in a handsome phaeton, smoking a cigar. He often said he had been to see his friend, the late Mr. Callender, whom he said he had brought out, "and who would not have been a Member from Manchester but for him."

A Puzzled Parson.

An old gentleman from the East, of a clerical aspect, took the stage from Denver south in ante railroad days. The journey was not altogether a safe one, and he was not reassured by the sight of a number of rifles deposited in the coach, and nervously asked what they were.

"Perhaps you will find out before you get to the Divide," was the cheering reply.

Among the passengers was a particularly (it seemed to him) fierce-looking man, girded with a belt full of revolvers and cartridges, and clearly a road agent or assassin. Some miles out, this person, taking out a large flask, asked,

"Stranger, do you irrigate?"

"If you mean drink, sir, I do not."

"Do you object, stranger, to our irrigating?"

"No, sir," and they drank accordingly.

After a further distance had been traversed, the supposed brigand again asked,

"Stranger, do you fumigate?"

"If you mean smoke, sir, I do not."

"Do you object, stranger, to our fumigating?"

"No, sir." And they proceeded to smoke.

At the dining-room, when our friend came to tender his money, the proprietor said, "Your bill's paid."

"Who paid it?"

"That man"—pointing to the supposed highwayman, who on being asked if he had not made a mistake, replied, "Not at all. You see, when we saw that you didn't irrigate and didn't fumigate we knew you was a parson. And your bills are all right as long as you travel with this crowd. We've got a respect for the Church—you bet!" It was no highwayman, but a respectable resident of Denver—A. A. HAYES, JR., in *Harper's Magazine* for March.

The International Weather Service.

The proposition for such a service was made at the International Meteorological Congress, held in Vienna in 1873, and since that time, through the co-operation of scientific men and the chiefs of the Meteorological Weather Bureaus of different countries, records of uniform observations taken daily and simultaneously with those taken over the United States and the adjacent islands have been exchanged.

The main object of this vast scientific enterprise is to study the atmosphere as a unit. "The atmospheric ocean must be viewed by every thinking mind as a whole, whose complex parts act interdependently, as the various parts of a steam engine, yet all constituting one grand mechanism." The atmosphere, "unlike the ocean, is individual and uninterrupted; and every change of state, in any part of its expanse, sends forth a pulsation of energy which is speedily felt far and wide." In 18

BY C. A. LOUNSBERRY.

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 For contract rates of display advertising apply to this office or send for advertising card.

RELIGIOUS SERVICES.

EPISCOPAL CHURCH.—Rev. J. G. Miller, R. D. Pastor. At the rectory's residence. Blessed sacrament on all Sundays and other holy days of obligation, at 11 a. m. St. Paul time. Sunday school and even song at 2 p. m.
METHODIST CHURCH.—Services every Sunday at the City Hall, at 11 a. m. and 7 p. m. Sunday school immediately after morning service. Prayer meeting every Thursday evening at 7:30 p. m. J. M. BULL, Pastor.
PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.—Sunday service at 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. St. Paul time. All are invited, so far from Sunday school and immediately after morning service. Weekly prayer and teachers' meeting Wednesday evening at 7 o'clock, at pastor's residence, on 2d street near Taylor.
ATHLETIC CLUB.—First mass, 7:30 a. m.; high mass with sermon, 10:30 a. m.; Sunday school 2 p. m.; vesper, exhortation and benediction, 7:30 p. m. Main street, west end.
 P. J. JOHN CHURCH, Pastor, O. S. Rector.

SECRET SOCIETIES.

A. F. & A. M.—The regular communications of Bismarck Lodge No. 120, A. F. & A. M., are held in their hall on the first and third Mondays of each month, at 7 p. m. Brothers in good standing are cordially invited.
 JOHN DAVIDSON, W. M.
 JOSEPH HARR, Sec'y.
O. O. F.—The regular meeting of Mandan Lodge No. 12 are held in Raymond's hall every Tuesday. Brothers in good standing are cordially invited.
 WM. BAHR, N. G.
 WM. VANKLSTER, Sec'y.

BISMARCK FIRE COMPANY.

Regular meetings at City Hall on the first Mondays of each month at 8 p. m. Seven taps of the bell will be given as a signal.
 ED. SLOAN, Foreman.
 DAVID STEWART, Sec'y.

ARRIVAL AND DEPARTURE OF MAILS.
NORTHERN PACIFIC.—Arrives daily, Sundays excepted, at 7:15 p. m. Leave daily, except Sunday, at 7:15 a. m.
FORTS.—Leave for Fort Stevens, Berthold and Buford every Sunday, Wednesday and Friday, at 8 a. m. Arrive Monday, Wednesday and Friday, at 3:30 p. m.
Leave for Fort Yates and Sully and all down river posts daily, except Sunday, at 6 a. m.; arriving at Bismarck daily, except Sunday, at 9 p. m.
Leave for Fort Keogh and Miles City and all points in Northern and Western Montana daily, except Sunday, at 8 a. m. Arrive at Bismarck daily, except Sunday, at 4 p. m.
Express Trains.—Leave daily at 8 p. m.
 Registered mails for all points close at 5 p. m. Office open from 7 a. m. to 9 p. m.; Sundays, 7 a. m. to 9 a. m. and 4 to 6 p. m.

The Grand Forks Herald and Roscoe earnestly support Bennett for a re-nomination.

The Fargo Times and Republican will soon consolidate it is said, making the largest subscription list, and one of the largest and best papers in the Northwest.

Jessie Raymond has left for Georgia, some friend having filled her pocket-book, and Senator Hill, now rests in peace. Visions of Jessie's little Smith & Wesson will disturb him no more.

The sod-corn editors of Southern Dakota are invited—cheerfully invited—to look in on Northern Dakota wheat-fields on the occasion of the editorial convention to be held at Fargo in May.

SENATOR BUTLER, of North Carolina, opposes the Democratic scheme for unseating Kellogg. He insists that the case was settled at the time of his admission, and an agreement entered into to let it rest.

Now that Fargo is conceded the territorial convention it would be only fair to give to the Missouri river country one of the delegates to the Chicago convention, and J. W. Raymond would make a very creditable representative.

The President has been interviewed on the Presidential question, and shows a decided disposition to favor the dark horse, and thinks that among the animals of this color, so to speak, he regards Washburne, Edmunds and Garfield admirable specimens.

Judge Bennett has re-introduced his territorial division and survey bills with important changes setting apart Ft. Pierre and Fort Lincoln reservations for the establishment of the Custer memorial college. The new bill probably changes the name to North Dakota.

His friends of Judge Bennett believe that the Raymond boom which gathered much force in the Black Hills a few weeks ago has already wasted to a great extent, and they think they hear the first low wash of waves that indicate a Bennett boom that will sweep everything before it.

The Democrats in Congress dare not, it seems, bring their southern way of doing things to bear in the Washburne-Donnelly case. The successive postponement of a vote on it indicates a disposition to think before acting, a hesitancy, at least, to perpetrate the contemplated outrage.

The Republican territorial convention for the election of delegates to the National convention will be held at Fargo on the 19th of May, one day after the editorial convention. It would have been better to have appointed the delegates by committees, and then have held the delegate convention at Fargo in harvest time.

The Sioux Falls Pantagraph says: "A Bismarck correspondent of the Deadwood Press writes a letter upon the delegate question, which scatters over more ground and exhibits less comprehension of Dakota politics than any of the effusions from 'Cactus,' which is a pretty broad statement. He refers to combinations which never existed and which never can exist, and to motives that nobody was ever influenced by. He strikes one very able-bodied truth, however, among his nonsense, which is that the shrewdest politicians do their anti-convention work on the strict quiet rather than by booms. It is a fact, whether it be flattering to American citizenship or not, that it is the party leaders who determine nominations, and work done prior to a convention must be done among these—which work cannot be done, but is usually injured, at attempts at getting up hurrahs."

The flings of Southern Dakota newspapers at Northern Dakota, because of the recent blockade, are as injurious as they are unwise and unjust. The same causes delayed trains four weeks on the St. Paul & Sioux City railroad four years ago, and six weeks on the Union Pacific a few years ago. Scores of roads have been blocked by similar causes in countries supposed to be much less liable than the Northern Pacific to detentions of this character. Even the Southern Dakota railroad was blocked a few years ago in April by a heavier fall of snow than Northern Dakota ever had at one time.

The fault is not in the country, and we are not dispensed to charge the blame to the local management of the road. They simply encountered difficulties unexpected and for which they were unprepared. True, the directors of the road were informed four years ago that they were liable to trouble of this character but they then refused to provide against it, and three winters passed that seemed to justify the wisdom of their course. The fourth came and the difficulties of which they were warned and which they refused to meet were encountered. But the local management of the road had no reason to anticipate any such trouble and, of course, was unprepared for it, and little could be done to remedy the matter until spring. But this trouble will not arise again. A complete survey of the "snow-fields" has been made this winter with a view to locating the trouble and where ever required the track will be raised and ballasted; and where cuts require to be widened or additional snow-fences put up, the work will be done. In no case will sheds be required.

With these precautions, and suitable snow-plows, the North Pacific is less liable to blockade than the Southern Minnesota railroad which was blocked four weeks in 1870.

But THE TRIBUNE protests against the country being blamed for the trouble. Already our farmers are sowing wheat and plowing for corn. June 15th will give them new potatoes, peas and other vegetables—two weeks earlier than northern Ohio, or even Southern Dakota.

It may not be popular to say so, but time will justify the conclusion that the local management of the North Pacific is in no sense responsible for the unfortunate blockade of the past winter. During all the winter of 1873 and '4 and 1874 and '5 the road could have been opened at any time without trouble than was encountered in removing the February blockade this year. During the winter of 1875 and '6 there would have been no difficulty in opening the road until the middle of February, when just such a siege as the company had this winter was met with. But the trouble was unusual, and therefore not expected by the directors to occur again, and they accordingly refused to provide against it. The winter of 1876 and '7, 1877 and '8 and 1878 and '9 followed without blockade, and surely Mr. Sargent had no occasion to make unusual preparation for this winter. The damage to the business interests of Bismarck, resulting from the blockade was great it is true, but it is little compared with the vast interests of the road which have been and will be seriously affected, and the TRIBUNE does not hesitate to urge silence in relation to the trouble as far as the best policy. If the company does not heed the lessons of this winter, and fails to take due precautions for the coming winter, the people who have settled along the line will have occasion to complain, and the TRIBUNE will most cheerfully lead the kickers, using the most vigorous language at its command. But until then Southern Dakota papers and Union Pacific hirelings should be left to circulate the statements damaging alike to every interest on the North Pacific.

The confidential friend of Mr. Tilden (one of the county ex-commissioners of Burleigh county, according to the records) is a bad adviser. He urges the special tax payers of Burleigh county not to pay their liquor licenses—urges them to defy the law and the authorities and get fined for it in order to swell the school funds of Burleigh county; and he might add create bad blood and increase court expenses. He says money thus placed in the school fund will not be swallowed up in any extravagance or go into the general fund. Should the course advised be adopted the licenses in the end will be required to be paid, in addition the fines for the school fund together with attorney and other court expenses. It wasn't long ago when the confidential friend, one of the commissioners, refused to pay \$50 into the school fund for the use of the school house for court and did pay instead \$150 for the use of another building for the

same purpose. Perhaps this is one of the items of extravagance alluded to.

THE SUN's mission, as laid down in its issue of the 31st is very charming indeed. It promises to shed its penetrating rays into the dark corners of the earth and reveal the wrongs it hopes to remedy. Its editor declares he has no enemies to punish and no friends at whose dictation he must submit; that he starts in the journalistic race untrammelled by personal feelings or party ties. His soul, he declares, is full of sunshine and he believes in humanity and religion for the life as well as for the intellect. The golden rule of life is the golden bow that he intends shall direct the silver shafts of light that quiver from the *Sun's* fair disc; reform is his watchword—reform in its true intent—but the Bismarck TRIBUNE will continue to supply the latest news from all parts of the world up to the hour of going to press at \$2.50 per annum.

THERE may be those who did not notice the enlargement of THE TRIBUNE last week to a six-column cut and pasted quarto. To those we have but this to say: The enlargement was caused by the increased pressure upon our advertising columns consequent upon a rapidly increasing circulation; and the announcement of such enlargement was necessarily crowded out last week by more important foreign and local news. We do not say it boastfully, but deem it a compliment to Bismarck and our readers to claim the prettiest and best made-up paper typographically in the Northwest.

CAPITAL, the able Washington correspondent of the St. Paul Dispatch, says that Conkling said a year ago "that the man most available, who would be most acceptable to the friends of all the candidates for the presidential nomination is William Windom of Minnesota," and as things become more and more mixed hundreds of others are adopting the Conkling view.

THE Settler is the name of a new paper published at Huron, Beadle county, Dakota, by John Cain. It seems to be in advance of business as well as the mails, as it does not contain a line of local advertising and is in advance of the establishment of a post office even. Be careful, John. The writer tried that game at Wells, Minn., and went broke on it.

THE Fargo Argus kicks lustily over the practice in vogue among wheat buyers in placing North Dakota wheat on the market as Minnesota No. 1 hard and insists that proper credit should be given even in name to our North Dakota products. THE TRIBUNE joins heartily in the *Argus's* kick.

PHOCIAN HOWARD publishes a letter in which he says it is his intention to become a candidate for congress in the fourteenth Illinois district if the Cincinnati convention nominates Mr. Tilden instead of some emaciated politician like David Davis, or some soft money idiot like Allen G. Thurman.

THE Grand Forks Plaindealer says it "will oppose the Spencer outfit until the bar tumbles down and Bob Ingersoll is convinced by his own personal experience that his myth is a lamentable reality." Spencer is in Colorado, mining, and doesn't expect to visit Dakota until winter.

GEN. BEADLE writes that the immigration from Michigan to Dakota will be unparalleled in the history of the west. As these people usually come to Northern Dakota New Michigan is suggested as a proper name for the new territory to be created from the north half of Dakota.

BLAISE's friends estimate that on the first ballot he will lack only 20 votes of a nomination; that the vote will stand as follows: Blaise, 359; Grant, 201; Sherman, 143; and Edmunds, 23.

THE St. Louis Globe Democrat says the devil is of the democratic faith whereupon the St. Paul Globe says it will be so much worse for republicans in the next world.

THE bill declaring forfeited the expired railroad grants excepts the North Pacific and other railroads on which the work of construction is now progressing.

It is hinted by the Fargo Times that Dr. Coe will establish a paper at Jamestown and will support Raymond for congress.

THE Press & Dakotan urges Fargo as the proper place for holding the republican delegate convention.

THE Brookings County Press also joins in the boom for Judge Bennett's reelection.

THE Fargo Times nominates Geo. P. Flannery for district attorney.

He Declines.
 Please say in the strongest language it is possible to use in the columns of your newspaper that I am not a candidate for any office at the coming election.
 JOHN WHALEN.

The Biggest Boom of All.
 F. J. Call has returned from Chicago. He reports business of every sort just booming, but the biggest boom of all comes in the shape of immigration to Dakota. He believes that one hundred thousand people will settle in Dakota this year. Michigan people are coming to Northern Dakota in such numbers that New Michigan has been suggested as a proper name for Northern Dakota. Eighteen hundred and eighty will add millions to the wealth of Dakota.

THE N. P. LAND GRANT

REASONS WHY IT SHOULD BE EXTENDED.

Col. Wm. Thompson's Able Opinion
 —The Grant is but a Duty Which Congress Owe the Country—
 An Important Document.

AN OPINION.
 The unsold public lands of the United States should be disposed of in such a manner as to best subserve the government and produce the greatest good to the greatest number of its citizens. Unsettled and uncultivated lands are entirely unproductive. While they remain unsold they neither accumulate revenue nor increase in value; they neither aid in the increase of population, nor contribute to its sustenance; they neither augment the power of the government, nor afford any contribution to manufacturing, commerce, or any industrial pursuit; nor do they contribute in any considerable degree to the alleviation of human misery, the elevation from human degradation, the propagation of sound morality, the cultivation of the human intellect, the stimulation to human industry, the acquisition of scientific attainments, the creation of inventive genius, the individual exaltation and happiness or the enlightened aggrandizement of the Nation. But let the ownership of these lands be changed under favorable conditions into the hands of individual citizens, and it will result in the production of all desirable individual attainment and the most exalted national glory. Why has not this change of ownership been consummated long ago?

LOCATION BARRING PROSPERITY.

There are millions of destitute, homeless and intelligent beings deterred from making themselves happy homes, and causing the waste lands of the country to produce abundantly, simply because their place of birth, their education, their predilections and their habits have rendered odious and frightful the very thought of living out of the hearing of a railroad whistle, out of the influence of that law, order and civilization which keep step to its stimulating music, and out of hearing by railroad speed of all they loved and left behind them. Then, what disposition ought the government make of its unsold lands to insure their most speedy occupancy, their greatest amount of productivity, and their contribution to the greatest individual happiness and national prosperity and power? This is a question of paramount importance, and has been discussed with great zeal and ability by statesmen of widely conflicting opinions. Originally the southern wing of the democratic party opposed all grants of the public lands as being an "infringement of their doctrine of a strict construction of the constitution, maintaining that it contained no provision authorizing such disposition. About thirty years ago Andrew Johnson introduced in congress his pet project of

GIVING AWAY HOMESTEADS

to the needy. This was opposed by southern members bitterly for many years; but after the South seceded and southern democrats left congress the measure was fortunately passed. As early as the 29th congress the Territory of Iowa succeeded in obtaining a small land grant for the improvement of the navigation of the Des Moines river. This was obtained through the sympathy of democratic members for democratic Iowa, and to aid in the election of democratic senators from the newly admitted extremely western state. It was deemed too trifling to be made a precedent, and besides it was no loss to the government, as the people who purchased the alternate even sections had then, as ever since, to pay a double minimum, which was paying full price for the land they purchased, and in addition, an equal amount to pay the government for the land it claimed to have given away or granted for improvement. This double minimum provision attached to these land grants is an outrage to the people who preempt the ungranted sections, rendering the transaction called a grant a mere subterfuge by which congress gives to one and makes another pay for it. Congress owes it to its dignity as well as its benignity to erase this foul and illiberal blot from all land grants.

THE IOWA GRANT.

This Iowa grant never eventuated in much benefit to the state. It was opposed and restricted by Judge Collamer, chairman of the committee on public lands, Secretary Ewing, and others in authority mainly on two grounds. The state was democratic. The public lands belonged to the old states, and instead of being granted to any purpose should be divided *pro rata* among them. This grant was fought, crippled, virtually destroyed, and then diverted to other purposes. In the meantime the question of the disposition of the public lands was kept before the people until Stephen A. Douglass succeeded in obtaining for Illinois the wonderful land grant for railroad construction which metamorphosed that state into an empire, brought immigration, activity, money, wealth and unprecedented prosperity to the entire Northwest, and elevated the fame of the "Little Giant" to the very pinnacle of statesmanship. The passage of this munificent land grant virtually settled the long mooted and bitterly contested question of the right of congress to dispose of in this peculiar manner (which was held to be no pecuniary detriment) the alternate sections of the public lands for the construction of internal improvements. This decision was afterwards and by different congresses supplemented and confirmed by the passage of many other similar land grants for the benefit of other states and corporations, and finally by the passage of the persistently fought homestead bill.

The consequences resulting from the passage of these land grants were so advantageous to the people and to the government as to eradicate all objections formerly entertained by reasonable statesmen, and to render them universally popular among the great mass of thinking people.

LANDS SACRIFICED BY THE GOVERNMENT.

Prior to the adoption of this method of disposing of the public lands many of the very best of them, as in northern Missouri, had remained in market so long without being sold as to have been deemed worthless. This induced congress to provide for their sale at reduced prices, the result of which was that millions of acres of these lands were virtually sacrificed by the government and transferred into the hands of speculators, who have either reaped a rich reward for them or still hold them for exorbitant prices. That this resulted in retarding the settlement and development of that state was a great national calamity so palpable as to be universally admitted. While it is equally palpable that if these lands had been disposed of under the land grant system during the early days of Missouri, they would have netted the government their full price forty years ago, the state would have achieved its present development prior to 1860, and the difference in the amount of revenue she would have paid into the coffers of the general government would have been incalculable. What her present attainment would have reached is beyond the power of calculation and a subject worthy of profound imagination.

EFFECT OF LAND GRANTS UPON CIVILIZATION.

What but the land grant before alluded to and the construction of the series of railroads for which it provided the means ever could have elevated Illinois from the wild, sparsely settled, uncultivated, and even bankrupt condition she occupied thirty years ago? Without the aid of this and other land grants made for her own benefit Iowa would have remained, even now, a frontier state. A majority of her good lands would still be held by the government, and as unproductive as they were the day she was admitted into the constellation of states; her settlements would have remained sparse; her magnificent public buildings would not have existed; her university, her colleges, her churches, her asylums and her manufacturing would have remained in a primitive condition; her wealth would have been trifling, and her national importance and influence would have remained inconsiderable, her contributions to the national revenue would have been diminished, her climate would have remained as arid and uncongenial as it was thirty years ago, and her comparatively miserable inhabitants would still be doomed to transport their scanty products on plank or mud roads and make their journeys in stage coaches. The good results of the adoption of this system of disposing of public lands for the construction of such internal improvements as will enhance the value of that which remains undisposed to double its original value have been equally demonstrated and realized in Kansas, Colorado, Nebraska, Minnesota, and Wisconsin. Without this system there would have been no transcontinental railroad between the Atlantic and Pacific states; our territories would have been comparatively unsettled and unorganized; our immense mining resources would have remained either unknown or poorly developed; the

GREAT WHEAT BELT OF THE NEW NORTHWEST

would have remained a *terra incognita*, and our wonderful production of surplus provisions would not have attained their present important proportions; the starving world would have suffered and languished for the want of our surplus, and we would be minus the gold it has brought us; our commerce would be degraded, the balance of trade would be against us, gold would flee away from us, currency would be scarce and probably depreciated; and our whole government, instead of what it really is, would have remained powerless, poverty-stricken, behind the age, and the scorn of more prosperous nations. Now, it is plain that, as the former exercise of this power in making such advantageous dispositions of the public lands has resulted in such wonderful national aggrandizement, and an equal amount of individual prosperity and happiness; as the developments created by these improvements have brought into light such an immensity of area of inhabitable land yet belonging to the government, and as this vast unsettled country only needs similar land grants to transform it speedily into equally prosperous states, it would seem that congress should extend similar land grants with all needed universality throughout the whole region of the undisposed public domain.

DAKOTA DESERVES THE BLESSING.

If it was desirable that Iowa, Minnesota and other states above mentioned should be speedily settled and transformed from unproductive deserts to populous and powerful states, yielding immense revenue to the national treasury and contributing largely to the national power and exaltation, there can be no reason why it cannot be equally desirable that Dakota, Montana and all other organized territories should be made the recipients of similar blessings and be permitted to occupy similar relations to the general government. If the construction of the Union Pacific railroad has been of incalculable advantage to millions of private persons, to most of the states and territories, to the general government and to the whole civilized world, if it has been or shall be ascertained that there are other routes for the transcontinental thoroughfares of cheaper construction, with easier grades, through a more productive and delightful country, destined to become more populous than the region through which the other passes, and so far away from it as to neither interfere with nor receive any immediate benefit from it, and if it is known that the thoroughfare already constructed is already and must ever remain inadequate to the performance of all the commercial and traveling requirements of this wonderful country, and that the construction of other additional roads for similar purposes are imperatively demanded, there can be no good reason assigned why an adequate land grant should not be made for the construction of all such thoroughfares as have been commenced and sanctioned by the government as desirable.

AS APPLICABLE NOW AS EVER.

All the *a priori* arguments used long ago, both in congress and out of it, for the establishment of the propriety of this are just as applicable, just as potent, just true and should be just as convincing now, as they were then. Aye! much more convincing. For the very construction

of the roads for which these grants were made, the immense wealth they have created and scattered all over the country and the consequent increase of human knowledge and superiority of intellectual cultivation, has created a much more penetrating perception and an enlarged appreciation of all truths and especially of those by which they have been so materially benefited. But if the wisdom of this policy was foreseen and adopted by wise men on the evidence of reason and common sense only, how much greater is the obligation, now, to continue it and extend it where ever applicable, since experience has abundantly demonstrated the truth of their predictions and the rectitude of their reason by the immense results this policy has achieved in the advancement of all interests, whether personal or national. The railroads constructed under the patronage—direct or indirect—of this system, have not built up and benefited the country and its inhabitants in the particulars heretofore mentioned only; but they have done and are still doing other things no less valuable, no less astonishing. They are the most daring and valuable pioneers. They discover and point out the most desirable places for human habitation. They penetrate the mountain gorges, display their mineral wealth and distribute their products of iron, coal, wood and the precious metals all over the land. They are valuable chemists and geologists. They analyze and test all soil and minerals through which they pass; they penetrate the earth by cuts and shafts for bridges and for tunnels and publish all results. They turn ash the only safe and effective solution of

THE PERPLEXING "INDIAN QUESTION."

They carry with them law and order wherever they penetrate. They are cleansing Eutaw from its oriental nastiness and scattering there the seeds of matrimonial sanctity. They scatter wealth, education, knowledge, protection and all human comforts equally wherever they go. They equalize the climate, produce rainfall in arid regions, cleanse and purify the air of infected and malarious districts and render habitable vast areas of otherwise worthless country. They form a national network of powerful electrical and magnetic conductors so scattered and connected as to equalize the effects of electromagneticism over all the country where railroads extend. They furnish artificial railroads to carry away and dissipate the positive electricity with which the lower currents of atmosphere are always naturally charged, particularly over parched and arid deserts where ground is mostly too dry to admit it, and where there are but few inadequate means of conducting it from these currents to the ground; thus diverting the lower currents of positive electricity and leaving them negative while the currents above still remain positive; then, as substances similarly charged repel each other while the positive and negative attract, it follows that all large areas destitute of such conductors as will draw off and divert the lower currents of their positive condition must remain rainless, because all the currents above are similarly charged and resist each other; while by the change created by railroads in carrying off the positive from one set of currents, they become attractive, commingle, form clouds and precipitate their vapor in rain. And for this transformation of deserts into habitable lands and the advantages the government would derive from the change.

CONGRESS SHOULD EXTEND THESE GRANTS.

particularly for the construction of roads through all parts of our arid country. But why should congress seek a pretext for annulling the most praise-worthy land grant ever made? If the grant for the construction of the Northern Pacific railroad had been made for no other reason than that it would put money in the purses of a few men associated together as corporations, then, it ought never to have been made; but having been fraudulently made the sooner it was annulled and taken back the better, or if it was superinduced by a disposition on the part of congress to advance the interests of an association of men for whom it had a high regard and for whom it would perform so great a feat of legislation out of mere friendship; and if at this late period any little unpleasantness should develop the fact that after all, these men were not the friends it had supposed them, then it congres—regretting not so much the act of making the grant and that the persons to whom it was made were not the friends they had been supposed—should seek to retract their inconsiderate steps by annulling the grant, there might be some allowance made for the transaction.

THE DUTY OF CONGRESS.

But if the grant was made not for the exclusive benefit of the corporations, but for the ultimate construction of a great national transcontinental thoroughfare, which, in the imagination of those great statesmen who made the grant, would become, when completed, the most valuable work of internal improvement ever completed, then, instead of seeking a pretext for annulling the grant, it would seem the duty of congress to even give the company additional aid and to insure the completion of the road at any cost whatever in the way of land grants or their necessary extensions. What a blessing it would be if our statesmen were geographers; if they could divest themselves of all prejudices and such party privities and alliances as warp and fetter their native reason and common sense, and with a determination to act wisely in all things, could elevate themselves to the standpoint occupied by their predecessors when this grant was made and would seek from thence the true and powerful reasons for making it! They would find that the commerce between western Europe and eastern Asia is increasing rapidly and has already attained wonderful proportions; that the natural and most direct route for it is through the United States; that the commercial world has become too fast to submit to wait a transporter when transportation by railroad can be obtained; that the geographical distance from Japan to New York or Liverpool through the northern portion of the United States is nearly a thousand miles less than by San Francisco and the Union Pacific railroad; that

THE JAPAN CURRENT.

which is followed by all incoming vessels from China, Japan and the Sandwich Islands, strikes our coast above the mouth of the Columbia river and would land all vessels at the western terminus of the Northern Pacific railroad about forty eight hours before they could be landed at San Francisco; that this same current of warm water and the easterly winds prevailing in this latitude and producing this current bring their warmth and genial influences along the entire line of this road, producing the chenook winds of Montana and the finest cereal growing belt in Dakota that can be found in the world; that, in this fast age a difference of forty eight hours in the time from Canton or Jeddo to New York or Liverpool is enough to create a decided difference; that on the northern route the grades are

WITH THE DEAD LEAVES

FROM THE JAPANESE

Watching the dead leaves drift along,
Urged by the keen wind's restless feet,
Tossed here and there in a shuddering throng,
Through the alleys and lanes of the rain-
swept street.

Wanders my memory back to the time
When I wooed my love with sigh and
rhyme.

Then it was spring, and the sun-rays shone
On fresh young buds from a cloudless sky;
And I with my sweetheart strolled alone,
To tell her my soul's deep ecstasy.
I kissed her smiles, and my thoughts, love
mad,
Never dreamed that the future could be
sad.

But winter came, and the green leaves fell,
My love's soul went to the dreamland shore;
And the wind and the dead leaves sang the
sad knell
Of the good, true heart I should woo never
more;
So when I hear the leaves and the rain,
I think of my love, and live again.

FROM THE WAYSIDE.

Dr. Silas Walsh one day sat in his
office reading a very interesting book. It
was a part of his business, this reading,
for the book was a science within the
scope of his profession. He was compara-
tively a young man, and had the reputa-
tion of being an excellent physician. While
he read some one rang his office bell.
He laid aside his book and went to the
door, and when he saw what was upon
the stepping stone he was indignant.

It was a ragged, dirty boy, known in
Ensworth as "Hammer Jim"—ragged and
dirty, and with the violence of the slums
upon him—a boy vicious and profane,
against whom every other boy was
warned—a boy who was called a thief
and a villain, whom no efforts of the over-
seers had been able to reclaim, and who
seemed to care for nothing but to make
people afraid of him. His true name, as
the overseers had it, was James Ammer-
ton. About his father no one in Ensworth
had ever known. His mother had
died an inmate of the poorhouse.

On the present occasion, Jim's face
was not only dirty, but bloody; and there
was blood on his gummy and tattered
garments.

"Please sir, won't you fix my head? I
have got a hurt."

"What kind of a hurt?" asked the doc-
tor.

"I'm afraid it's bad, sir," sobbed the
boy. "One o' Mr. Dunn's men hit me
with a rock. Oh!"

"What did he hit you for?"

"I dunno, sir."

"Yes, you do know. What did he
throw the stone at you for?"

"Why, sir, I was picking up an apple
under one of his trees."

Dr. Walsh would not touch the boy's
head with his finger. There was no need
of it; he could see that there was only a
scalp wound, and that the blood had
ceased to flow.

"Go home and let your folks wash
your head and put on a clean bandage,"
he said.

"Please sir, I ain't got no home, and
I ha'n't got no folks."

"You stop somewhere, don't you?"

"I stop at the poor's when they don't
kick me out."

"Well, boy, you are not going to die
from this. Go and get somebody to
wash your head, or go and wash it your-
self and tie your handkerchief on."

"Please sir, I ain't got no—"

"Hold up, boy. I haven't got time to
waste. You won't suffer if you go as
you are."

And at this Dr. Silas Walsh closed the
door and returned to his book. He had
not meant to be unkind; but really he
had not thought there was any need of
professional service on his part; and cer-
tainly he did not want that bad boy in
his office.

But Dr. Walsh had not been alone cog-
nizant of the boy's visit. There had
been a witness in an upper window. The
doctor's wife had seen and heard. She
was a woman.

She was not strong and resolute and
dignified like her husband. Her heart
was not only tender, but it was used to
aching. She had no children living; but
there were two little mounds in the
churchyard and told her of angels in heaven
that could call her mother! Acting up-
on her impulse, as she was very apt to
do, she slipped down and called the
boy in, by the back way to the wash-
room. He came in rags, dirt and all,
wondering what was wanted. The sweet
voice that had called him had not fright-
ened him. He came in and stood look-
ing at Mrs. Walsh, and as he looked his
sobs ceased.

"Sit down, my boy."

"He sat down."

"If I help you will you try to be
good?"

"I can't be good."

"Why not?"

"Cause I can't. Taint in me. Every-
body says so."

"B. can't you try?"

"I dunno."

"If I should help you, you would be
willing to try to please me?"

"Yes'm—I should certain."

Mrs. Walsh brought a basin of water
and a soft sponge, and with tender hands
she washed the boy's hands and face.
Then with the scissors she clipped away
the hair from the wound—curling, hand-
some hair—and found it not a bad wound.
She brought a piece of sticking plaster,
which she fixed upon it, and then she
brushed the hair back from the full brow
and looked into the boy's face—not a bad
face—not an evil face. Shutting out the
rags and dirt, it was really a handsome
face.

"What's your name, my boy?"

"Hammer Jim, ma'am; and sometimes
Ragged Jim."

"Which?"

"I mean, how were you christened?"

"Don't you know what name your
parents gave you?"

"Oh—yes. It's down on the 'seers'
book, ma'am, as James Ammertion."

"Well, James, the hurt on your head
is not a bad one, and if you are careful
and not rub off the plaster it will soon
heal up. Are you hungry?"

"Please ma'am, I haven't eat nothing
to-day."

Mrs. Walsh brought out some bread
and butter and a cup of milk, and al-
lowed the boy to sit there in the wash-
room and eat. And while he ate she
watched him narrowly, scanning every
feature. Surely, if the science of physi-
ognomy, which her husband studied so

much, and with such faith, was reliable,
this boy ought to have grand capacities.
Once more shutting out the rags and
filth, and only observing the hair, now
glossy and waving, from her dextrous
manipulations, over a shapely head, and
marking the face with its eyes of lustrous
gray, and the mouth like a cupid's bow,
and the chin strong without the drege,
the boy was handsome. Mrs. Walsh
thinking of the little mounds in the
churchyard, prayed God that she might
be a happy mother; and if a boy was
to bless her maternity she could not ask
that he should be handsomer than she
believed she could make this boy.

Jim finished eating and stood up.

"James," said the little woman—for
she was a little woman, and a perfect
picture of a lovable and loving little wo-
man—"James, when you are hungry and
have nothing to eat, if you come to this
door I will feed you. I do not want you
to go hungry."

"I should like to come, ma'am."

"And if I feed you when you are hun-
gry, will you not try to be good for my
sake?"

The boy hung his head and considered.
Some might have wondered that he did
not answer at once as a grateful boy
ought; but Mrs. Walsh was deeper than
that. The lad was considering how he
must answer safely and truly.

"If they'd let me be good, ma'am, but
they won't," he said, at length.

"Will you try all you can?"

"Yes'm, I'll try all I can."

Mrs. Walsh gave the lad a small par-
cel of food in a paper, and patted his
curly head. The boy had not shed a tear
since the pain of the wound had been as-
sured. Some might have thought that
he was not grateful; but the little wo-
man could see the gratitude in the deep-
er light of his eyes. The old crust was
not broken enough yet for tears.

Afterward Mrs. Walsh told her hus-
band what she had done, and he laughed
at her.

"Do you think, Mary, that your kind-
ness can help that ragged wad?"

"I do not think it will hurt him,
Silas."

It was not the first time Mrs. Walsh
had delivered answers to the erudite
doctor which effectually stopped discus-
sion.

After that Jim came often to the door
and was fed; and he became cleaner
and more orderly with each succeeding
visit. At length Mrs. Walsh was in-
formed that a friend was going away
into a far Western country to take up
land, and make a frontier farm. The
thought occurred to her that this might
be a good opportunity for James Ammer-
ton. She saw her friend, and brought
James to his notice, and the result was,
the boy went away with the emigrant ad-
venturer. And she heard from her friend
a year later that he liked the boy very
much. Two years later the emigrant
wrote that Jim was a treasure. And Mrs.
Walsh showed the letter to her husband,
and he smiled and kissed his little wife,
and said he was glad.

And he had another source of gladness.
Upon her bosom his little wife bore a ro-
bust, healthy boy—their own son—who
gave promise of life and happiness in the
time to come.

The years sped on, and James Ammer-
ton dropped out of the life that
Mary Walsh knew. The last she heard
was five years after he went away from
Ensworth, and Jim had then started for
the golden mountains on his own account
to commence in earnest his own life bat-
tle.

But there was joy and pride in the lit-
tle woman's life which held its place
and grew and strengthened. Her boy,
whom they called Philip, grew to be a
youth of great promise—a bright, kind-
hearted, good boy, whom every body
loved; and none loved him more than
did his parents. In fact, they worshipped
him; or, at least his mother did. At the
age of seventeen Philip Walsh entered
college, and at the age of twenty-one
graduated with honor; but the long and
severe study had taxed his system, and
he entered upon the stage of manhood
not quite so strong in body as he should
have been. His mother saw it and was
anxious; his father saw it and decided
that he should have recreation and recu-
peration before he entered into active busi-
ness. Dr. Walsh was not peculiarly
able to send his son off on an expensive
travel, but he found opportunity for his
engagement upon the staff of an explor-
ing expedition which would combine
healthful recreation with an equally
healthful occupation.

The expedition was bound for the West-
ern wilderness, and we need not tell of
the parting between the mother and son.
She kissed him and blessed him; and
then hung upon his neck with more kisses
and then went away to her chamber
and cried.

Philip wrote home often while on his
way out; and he wrote after he had
reached the wilderness. His accounts
were glowing and his health was improv-
ing. Three months of forest life and
forest labor, of which Philip wrote in a
letter that had to be borne more than a
hundred miles to nearest post, and then
fellowed months of silence. Where was
Philip? Why did he not write?

One day Dr. Walsh came home pale
and faint, with a newspaper crumpled
and crushed in his hand. Not immedi-
ately, but by-and-by, he was forced to
let his wife read what had been seen in
the paper. She read, and tell like one
mortally stricken. It was a paper from a
far distant city, and it told the sad fate
of the exploring party under the charge
of Col. John Beauchamp, how they had
been attacked by an overpowering body
of Indians, and how those not massacred
had been carried away captive.

Poor little woman! Poor Dr. Walsh!
But the mother suffered most. Her head,
already taking on its crown of silver, was
bowed in blinding agony, and her heart
was well-nigh broken. The joy had gone
out of her life and thick darkness was
round about her.

And so half a year passed. One day
the postman left a letter at the door. The
hand of the superscription was familiar.
Mrs. Walsh tore it open and glanced her
eyes over the contents. Oh, joy! Oh,
rapture! Her boy lived, was well, and
on his way home to her.

When Dr. Walsh entered the room he
found his wife fainting, with the letter
clutched tight in her nerveless grasp.

By and by, when the great surge had
passed, husband and wife sat down and
read the letter understandingly.

"Thank God! I have found a true
friend, or I should say that a true friend
has found me," wrote Philip, after he
had told of his whereabouts. "But for
the coming of this friend I should have
died ere this. He heard of me by name,
and when he learned that I was the son of
Silas and Mary Walsh, he bent all his
energies for my release. He spent thou-
sands of dollars in enlisting and equip-
ping men for the work, and with his own
hand struck down my savage captor and
took me under his own care and protec-
tion, thenceforth. God bless him! And
be you ready, both, to bless him, for he's
coming home with me."

Upon their bended knees that night
the rejoicing parents thanked God for all
His goodness, and called down blessings
upon the head of the unknown preserver
of their son.

And in time radiant and strong, their
Philip came home to them—came home
a bold and innocent man—fitted for the
battle of life, came home knowing enough
of life's vicissitudes, and prepared to
appreciate its blessings.

And with Philip came a man of mid-
dle age—a strong, frank faced, handsome
man, with gray eyes, and curling hair.

"This," said the son, when he had been
released from the mother's raptur'd em-
brace, "is my preserver. Do you know
him?"

The doctor looked and shook his head.
He did not know.

But the little woman observed more
keenly. Upon her the light broke over-
poweringly.

"Is it he?" she whispered, putting
forth her hands "is it James Ammertion?"

"Yes," said the man—a stranger now
no more. "I am James Ammertion! and I
thank God who has given me an opportu-
nity thus to show how gratefully I re-
member all your kindness to me, my
more than mother."

And he held her hands and pressed
them to his lips, and blessed her again
and again, telling her with streaming
eyes, that she, of all the world, had lifted
him up and saved him.

That evening Mrs. Walsh, sitting by
her husband's side and holding one of his
hands, said to him:

"Once upon a time, a pebble was kick-
ed about in the waste of sand. A lapid-
ary saw it, and when he had brushed
away the dirt from the surface, he ap-
plied his chisel, and broke through the
crust, and behold—a diamond pure and
bright!"

Statistics of the Presidency.

The following is an analysis of the oc-
cupancy of the Presidential office from
the organization of the Government un-
der the Federal constitution to the end
of Mr. Hayes' term, showing the length
of service of the incumbents and the
States of which they were residents:

It will be seen that the Eastern States
elected three of their citizens to that
high position, serving one term each.
The Middle States elected two and
inherited a fraction of a term by the
demise of a Southern President. The
Western States elected four who, if
death had not interposed, would have
held the office twenty-four years, but
by the decease of two early in the
terms for which they were chosen a
Virginian and a Tennessean reduced
the period nearly eight years. The
Southwestern States elected three,
whose service, with nearly a full term
by another inheritor, made over seven-
teen years.

The seceder departed from the
Southern States proper when Jackson,
who was more of a Western than a
Southern man, was elected, but it had
its rule in the chief magistracy for
more than thirty-six years—every in-
cumbent being a Virginian!

Assuming that the Eastern and Mid-
dle States bear a similar relation to
each other, politically, as that of the
Western and Southwestern, the latter
have been the most favored and have
had the President for more than thirty-
three years, while the former aggregate
not quite twenty-three. So, too, the
Western States exceed the Eastern—
sixteen to twelve. Strangely enough,
the two largest States of both the
other localities are the only ones favored
—New York and Pennsylvania and Ohio
and Illinois.

Southern States. States. Dates, Ya. Mo.

George Washington, Virginia, 1789-1797 8 ..

James Jefferson, Virginia, 1801-1809 8 ..

James Madison, Virginia, 1809-1817 8 ..

James Monroe, Virginia, 1817-1825 8 ..

John Tyler, Virginia, 1841-1845 4 11

Andrew Jackson, Tenn., 1829-1837 8 ..

James Knox Polk, Tenn., 1845-1849 4 ..

Zachary Taylor, Louisiana, 1849-1850 1 4

Andrew Johnson, Tenn., 1865-1869 4 11

Western States.

Wm. Henry Harrison, Ohio, 1841-1841 1 ..

Abraham Lincoln, Illinois, 1861-1865 4 ..

Ulysses S. Grant, Illinois, 1869-1877 8 ..

Rutherford B. Hayes, Ohio, 1877-1881 4 ..

Middle States.

Martin Van Buren, New York, 1837-1841 4 ..

Millard Fillmore, New York, 1850-1853 3 8

James Buchanan, Penn., 1857-1861 4 ..

Eastern States.

John Adams, Mass., 1797-1801 4 ..

John Quincy Adams, Mass., 1801-1809 8 ..

Franklin Pierce, N. H., 1853-1857 4 ..

Total, 1789-1881, 100 years 100 ..

By CAUTIONALITY, 22 22

Middle and Eastern States, 22 22

Western and Southwestern States, 33 33

Southern States, 23 23

Total, 100 years 100 ..

By Elected Vice President.

The Boomerang.

The boomerang is a weapon of the
Australian aborigines, and in the throw-
ing of it they are very dexterous. It
consists of a piece of hard wood, with
the curl of a parabola, and is about two
feet long, two and a half inches broad,
one-third of an inch thick, and rounded
at the extremities. One side is flat,
the other is rounded, and it is brought
to a bluntish edge. It is discharged
with the hand by one end, the convex
edge being forward and the flat side
upward. After advancing some distance,
and ascending slowly in the air with a
quick rotary motion, it begins to retro-
grade, and finally falls to the ground
behind the thrower. A weapon of
similar form, but wanting the return
flight, has been found in use among
savage tribes both in India and Africa.
The surprising return-motion is pro-
duced by the bulged side of the missile.
The air impinging thereon lifts the
instrument in the air, precisely as by
hitting the oblique bars in the wind-
mill it forces it to go round. The Aus-
tralians are very expert in hitting birds
with it, the animals, of course, being
behind them, and not aware that they
are being shot at.

BLINDING A WITNESS.

The Horrible Crime in an English Mansion.
The Missing Girl Found in a Lunatic
Asylum—Parloured and Saved—After the
Drop Hat Fallen—Sacrificing Her Eye-
sight to Destroy Her Own Testimony.

In 1827 there lived in Chatham, Eng-
land, an elderly man, named James Rees.
He resided in an old house near the River
Medway, and was reputed to be moder-
ately well off. His habits were none of
the cleanliest, and the clothes he wore
were always shabby and patched. An
old blind woman lived with him, and
generally went by his name. She seem-
ed to stand in great dread of him, and it
was said that he was in the habit of beat-
ing her when anything got him out of
temper. The couple were always spoken
of in mysterious whispers by the neigh-
bors, few of whom, however, ever dared
to go near their dwelling. Once, a wo-
man named Cleary thought she would be
neighborly and call on them. As she
drew near to the house she heard voices,
and after she retired reported to her hus-
band a very strange conversation which
she said she had overheard between Rees
and the blind woman.

Mrs. Cleary said that she went toward
the door and stood on the porch ready to
knock, when she heard Rees say:

"Betsy, you've been a d—d sight more
useful to me without your eyes than ever
you was before I spoilt them for you."

"Ah, well," the woman replied, "it
may be so, but it's my satisfaction to
know that hell-fire will feed on your
cursed eyes forever!"

This conversation once raised the
suspicion that Rees had at one time put
out his wife's eyes, and it did not raise
him in the estimation of his neighbors.

On November 5, 1827, Rees died. Lit-
tle, if any, property was found in his
possession, and the blind woman was re-
moved to the poor-house. A few days
after his death, a lawyer came down from
London, accompanied by

THREE ELEGANTLY DRESSED LADIES.

Who claimed to be the daughters of the
dead man. A search was made, and pa-
pers were found concealed in an old
hamper which revealed the fact that Rees'
real name was John Cartrey, and that he
owned property in London estimated at
over £4,000,000. Originally, it appeared
that he owned a tract of land in a poor
locality in Bermondsey, where he kept a
brick yard; but the extensive growth of
the city calling for the space, the price
rose, and he realized an immense fortune.
He set up a splendid establishment, and
educated his children well. All died ex-
cept the three daughters alluded to, all
of whom married well.

Of Cartrey's early history no one
seemed to know, but he bore a frightful
mark on his neck and cheek, which his
enemies were wont to say was the cause
of the hangman's noose. While the
daughters were prosecuting their claim
to Cartrey's immense property, the old
blind wife was lying in the poor-house.
As soon as she learned that the husband
was rich, she changed her behavior and
asked for a lawyer. One of the best, in
the place was sent for, and she began
proceedings which the story will explain.

The narrative which follows is taken
without alteration from the record of the
trial and the documents in connection
with the case. No matter how strange
it may appear, it is absolutely true as
sworn to by witnesses whose words would
have been believed in any Court of jus-
tice and in any community.

A STRANGE STORY.

In 1788, when George the Third was
still comparatively a young man, there
stood in the suburbs of Leicester, Eng-
land, a pretentious dwelling-house known
as Gates Hall. The River Soar flowed
near it, and it was not far from the great
North road or rampart, as it was called.
The occupants of this house were a fam-
ily named Cartrey, or, as some spelled it,
Carteret. It consisted of father, mother,
three daughters and one son. For many
generations there had been but one son
in the family—a fact which had caused
many comments and became remarkable.
The estate of the Cartreys was large, the
father having an income of over fifteen
thousand pounds sterling, and the moth-
er having one third as much in her right.
The estate was strictly entailed—that is,
it went entire to the next heir. Young
Cartrey, popularly known as Jack, was a
handsome, daring fellow of twenty-two,
and his sisters were all younger. Jenny,
the eldest, was nineteen, Dorothy was
seventeen, and Mabel sixteen. They
were all comely damsels, full of life and
health, and well educated in accordance
with the times.

On December 31, 1788, all the family
were at home. They sat up in obser-
vance of an established custom to see the
old year pass out and the new year in,
and did not assemble at breakfast next
morning until a late hour. The young-
est daughter was then absent. Time
passed, and as she did not appear, and
inquiry failed to disclose her whereabouts,
the family were aroused, and search was
made, and she was

AT LAST FOUND DEAD.

In the room of a chambermaid in the
top story of the left wing of the dwelling.
The maid, who was known as Betsy Tay-
lor, was missing, and all search and in-
quiry failed to disclose whether she had
gone. Mabel Cartrey bore evidences of
having been outraged. In her left hand
was a bell-rope, which had been severed
with a powerful hand, the other part still
dangling from the wire close to the ceil-
ing. Her neck and body were torn, and
the bed on which she lay was bloody and
disordered. In those days the law was
slow and feeble in its action compared
to what it is now, and it was some time
before the authorities moved in searching
into the crime which had been commit-
ted. It was found on medical investiga-
tion that she had evidently resisted the
attack upon her to the last, and only suc-
cumbed when the grasp of the villain's
hand on her throat deprived her of what
consciousness she had.

But how came Mabel to the bedroom
of the girl Taylor, and where was the lat-
ter? A vigorous search was made for her,
but

NO TRACE COULD BE DISCOVERED.

That she was either implicated in the
crime and had escaped, or had been re-
moved as a damning witness against the
offender, was evident. She had been in
the employ of the Cartrey family for
only three months, out had come so strong-
ly recommended, and was so respectable
and proper in her bearing, and so com-
ely withal, that she had speedily found

favor in the household, and particularly
with Mabel, who was in the habit of
spending a considerable part of the day
with her, sewing and reading—the read-
ing, however, being done by Ketsey.

Young John Cartrey was apparently
smitten with Betsy, and she was madly
in love with him, but it was not known
that he had made any improper advances
to her. After the remarkable disappear-
ance of the girl, however, strange re-
marks were made, and young Cartrey was
sent off by his father to the Continent.
In March, 1829, when the crime and dis-
appearance of Betsy had come to be a
thing of the past, a Lunatic Asylum at
Melton Mowbray was burned down.
Among the inmates rescued was one
whom some thought they identified as
Betsy Taylor. Investigation showed
that such was the case, and that she was
insane. It was stated that she had been
in the asylum for some months, but no
one knew whence she came or who

THE IRON PEN.
[From a letter of Bonnard, the Prisoner of Chillon; the Handle of Wood from the "Constitution," and bound with a Circle of Gold; inset with three precious stones from Siberia, Ceylon and Maine.]
I thought this pen would arise
From the rack where it lies—
Of itself would write and write
My thanks and my surprise.
When you gave it me under the pines,
I dreamed those gems from the mines
Of Siberia, Ceylon, and Maine
Would glimmer as thoughts in the lines;
That this iron link from the chain
Of a prison might retain
Some echo of Port who sang
Of the prisoner and his den.
That this wood from the forest's heart
Might write me a rhyme at last,
As it used to write on the sky
The song of the sea and blast
But motionless as I wait,
Like a Bishop lying in state
Lies the Pen, with its mirror of Gold,
And its jewels inviolate.
Then must I speak, and say
That the light of that summer day
In the garden under the pines
Shall not fade and pass away.
I shall see you standing there,
Carried by the fragrant air,
With the shadow on your face
And the shining on your hair.
I shall hear the sweet low tone
Of a voice I once knew,
Saying, "This is from me to you—
From me, and to you alone."
And in that not idle vain
I shall answer and thank you again
For the gift and the grace of the gift,
O beautiful Helen of Maine!
And forever this gift will be
As a blessing from you to me,
As a drop in the dew of your youth
On the leaves of my life tree.
—H. W. Lippitt, on an Iron Pen for December.

CONNOR.

A Pathetic Irish Story.
To the memory of Patrick Connor, this sketch of his life was written by his fellow workmen.
Those words you may read any day upon a white slab in a cemetery not many miles from New York, but you might read them a hundred times without guessing at the little tragedy they indicate, without knowing the humble romance which ended with the playing of that stone above the dust of one poor, humble man.
In his shabby, flannel jacket and mud-stained breeches, he was scarcely an attractive object as he walked into Mr. Bawne's great tin and hardware shop one day and presented himself at the counter with an "I've been told ye advertised for hands, yer honor."
"Fully supplied, my man," said Mr. Bawne, not lifting his eyes from his account book.
"I'd work faithfully, sir, and take low wages, but I could do better, and I'd learn—I would that!"
It was an Irish brogue, and Mr. Bawne always declared that he would never employ an inferior potent hand.
Yet that he attracted him. He turned back, and with his pen behind his ear, he said to the man, who was only one of the four workmen that morning.
"What makes you expect to learn faster than other folks—are you any smarter?"
"I'd not say that, but I'd be washin' to, and that would make it as it is."
"Are you used to the work?"
"I'd be a bit of it."
"My name is Connor. I'll tell you, Tim O'Leary, that the life of this place, but I know a bit about it."
"You are to be old for an apprentice, and you'd better be a bit of a calculator," said Mr. Bawne, looking at the brawny arms and broad chest of the man, who promised strength and endurance. Besides, I know your countryman—lazy and for nothing fellows, who never do their best. No, I've been taken in by Irish men before, and I won't have another."
"The Virgin will have to be after bringin' their own tools in her two arms, Tim," said the man, despairingly, "for I've tramped all day for the last fortnight, and never a job can I get, and that's the last penny I have, yer honor, and it's but a half one."
As he spoke, he spread his palm open, with an English half-penny in it.
Bring woom over!"
Mr. Bawne, arrested by the odd speech, turned upon his heel, but he turned back again.
"Just Nora and Jamiesy."
"Who are they?"
"The man's wife, the other me child," said the man. "O, masher, just try me. How'll I bring 'em over to me, if no one will give me a job? I want to be earning, and the whole big city seems against it, and me with arms like them." He bared his arms to the shoulder as he spoke, and Mr. Bawne looked at them, and then at his face.
"I'll hire you for a week," he said, "and now, as it is noon, go down to the kitchen and tell the girl to get you some dinner—a hungry man can't work."
With an Irish blessing the new hand obeyed, while Mr. Bawne, muttering his apron, went up stairs to his own meal. Suspicious as he was of the new hand's integrity and ability, he was agreeably disappointed. Connor worked hard, and actually learned fast. At the end of the week he was engaged permanently, and soon was the best workman in the shop.
He was a great talker, but not fond of drink or wasting money. As his wages grew, he hoarded every penny, and wore the same shabby clothes in which he made his first appearance.
"Ber costs money," he said one day, "and ever chint I spind puts off the bringin' of Nora and Jamiesy over; and as for clothes, them I have must do me. Better no coat to my back than no wife and boy by my fireside; and anyhow, it's slow work saving."
It was slow work, but he kept at it all the same. Other men, thoughtless and full of fun, tried to make him drink; made a jest of his saving habits, coaxed him to accompany them to places of amusement, or to share in their Sunday frolics.
All in vain. Connor liked beer, liked fun, liked companionship; but he would not delay that long-looked-for bringing of Nora over, and was not "mame enough" to accept favors of others. He kept his way, and martyr to his one great wish, living on little, working at night on any

extra job that he could earn a few shillings by, running errands in his noontide hours of rest, and talking to any one who would listen to him of his one great hope and of Nora and Jamiesy.
At first the men, who prided themselves on being all Americans, and on turning out the best work of the city, made a sort of butt of Connor, whose wild Irish ways and verandancy were indeed laughable. But he won their hearts at last, and one day, mounting a work bench, he shook his little bundle, wrapped in a red handkerchief, before their eyes, and shouted: "Look, boys, I've got the whole at last! I'm going to bring Nora and Jamiesy over at last! Whoroo! I've got it at last! I!" All felt sympathy in his and each grasped his great hand in cordial congratulations; and one proposed to treat all round, and drink a good voyage to Nora.
They parted in a merry mood, most of them going to comfortable homes. But poor Connor's resting-place was a lodging house, where he shared a crazy garret with four other men, and in the joy of his heart the poor fellow exhibited his handkerchief, with his hard-earned savings tied up in a wad in the middle, before he put it under his pillow and fell asleep.
When he woke in the morning, he found his treasure gone; some villain, more contemptible than most bad men, had robbed him.
At first Connor could not believe it. He searched every corner of the room, shook his quilt and blankets, and begged those about him to "quit joking, and give it back."
At last he realized the truth.
"Is any man that bad that it is thaved from me?" he asked, in a breathless way. "Boys, is any man that bad?" and some one answered: "No doubt of it, Connor, it's shole!"
Then Connor put his head down on his hands and lifted up his voice and wept. It was one of those sighs which men never forget. It seemed more than he could bear to have Nora and his child "put," as he expressed it, months away from him again.
But when he went to work that day, it seemed to all who saw him, that he had picked up a new determination. His hands were never idle. His face seemed to say, "I'll have Nora with me yet."
At noon he scratched out a letter, blotted and very strangely scrawled, telling Nora what had happened; and those who observed him noticed that he had no meat with his dinner. Indeed, from that moment he lived on bread, potatoes and cold water, and worked as few men ever worked before. It grew to be the talk of the shop, and now that sympathy was excited, every one wanted to help Connor. Jobs were thrown in his way, kind words and friendly wishes helped him mightily; but no power could make him share the food or drink of any other workman. It seemed a sort of charity to him.
Still he was helped along. A present from Mr. Bawne at pay day set Nora, as he said, "a week nearer," and this and the other added to the little hoard. It grew faster than the first, and Connor's burden was not so heavy. At last, before he hoped it, he was once more able to say, "I'm going to bring them over," and show his handkerchief in which, as before, he tied up his earnings; this time, however, to his friends. Cautious among strangers, he hid the treasure, and kept his vest buttoned over it night and day until the tickets were bought and sent. Then every man, woman and child capable of bearing or understanding, knew that Nora and her baby were coming.
There was John Jones, who had more of the brute in his composition than usually falls to the lot of man, would spend ten minutes of the noon hour in reading the Irish news to Connor. There was Tom Barker, the meanest man among the number, who had never been known to give anything to any one before, absolutely bartered an old jacket for a pair of gilt vases, which a peddler brought in his basket to the shop, and presented them to Connor for his Nora's mantel-piece. And there was idle Dick, the apprentice, who actually worked two hours on Connor's work when illness kept the Irishman at home one day. Connor felt this kindness and returned it whenever it was in his power, and the days flew by and brought at last a letter from his wife.
"She would s'art as he desired, and she was well and so was the boy, and might the Lord bring them safely to each other's arms, and bless them who had been so kind to him." That was the substance of the epistle which Connor proudly assured his fellow-workmen Nora wrote herself. She had lived at service as a girl, with a certain good old lady, who had given her the items of an education, which Connor told upon his fingers: "The radin', that's one, the writin', that's three, and, moreover, she knows all that woman can." Then he looked up with tears in his eyes, and asked, "Do you wonder the time seems long between me an' her, boys?"
So it was. Nora at the dawn of day—Nora at noon—Nora at night—until the news came to port, and Connor, breathless and pale with excitement, flung up his cap in the air and shouted.
It happened on a holiday afternoon, and half a dozen men were ready to go to the steamer and give his wife a greeting. Her little home was ready; Mr. Bawne's own servant had put it in order, and Connor took one peep at it before he started.
"She had n't the like of that in the ould country," he said, "but she'll know how to keep it tidy."
Then he led the way toward the dock where the steamer lay, and at a pace that made it hard for the rest to follow him. The spot was reached at last; a crowd of vehicles blocked the street; a troop of emigrants came thronging up; fine cabin passengers were stepping into cabs, and drivers, porters and all manner of employees were yelling and shouting in the usual manner. Nora would wait on board for her husband; he knew that.
The little group made their way into the vessel at last, and there, amid those who sat watching for coming friends, Connor searched for the two so dear to him: patiently at first, eagerly but impatiently, but by and by growing anxious and excited.
"She would never go alone," he said, "she'd be lost entirely; I bade her wait, but I don't see her, boys; I think she's not in it."

"Why don't you see the Captain?" asked one. Connor jumped at the suggestion. In a few minutes he stood before a portly, rubicund man, who nodded to him kindly.
"I am looking for my wife, yer honor," said Connor, and I can't find her."
"Perhaps she's gone ashore," said the Captain.
"I bade her wait," said Connor.
"Women don't always do as they're bid, you know," said the Captain.
"Nora would," said Connor; "but may be she was left behind. Maybe she did not come, I somehow think she didn't." At the name of Nora the Captain started. In a moment he asked: "What is your name?"
"Pat Connor," said the man.
"And your wife's name was Nora?"
"That's her name, and the boy with her is Jamiesy yer honor," said Connor.
The captain looked at Connor's friends, they looked at the Captain. Then he said, huskily: "Sit down, my man; I've got something to tell you."
"She's left behind?" said Connor.
"She sailed with us," said the Captain.
"Where is she?" asked Connor.
The Captain made no answer.
"My man," he said, "we all have our trials; God sends them. Yes—Nora started with us."
Connor said nothing. He was looking at the Captain now, white to his lips.
"It's been a sickly season," said the Captain; "we have had illness on board—the cholera! You know that."
"I didn't, I can't read; they kept it from me," said Connor.
"We didn't want to frighten him," said one, in a half whisper.
"You know how long we lay at quarantine?"
"The ship I came in did that," said Connor. Did ye say Nora went ashore? Ought I to be looking for her, Captain?"
"Many died—many children," went on the Captain. "When we were half way here your boy was taken sick."
"Jamiesy?" gasped Connor.
"His mother watched him night and day," said the Captain, "and we did all we could, but at last he died; only one of many. There were five buried that day. But it broke my heart to see the mother looking out upon the water. It's his father I think of," said she, "he's longing to see poor Jamiesy."
Connor groaned.
"Keep up, if you can, my man," said the captain. "I wish any one else had to tell it rather than I. That night Nora was taken ill, also, very suddenly; she grew worse fast. In the night she called me to her. 'Tell Connor I died thinkin' of him,' she said, 'and tell him to meet me.' And, my man, God help you, she never said anything more—in an hour she was gone."
Connor had risen. He stood up, trying to steady himself, looking at the Captain with his eyes dry as two stones. Then he turned to his friends.
"I've got my death, boys," he said, and then dropped to the deck like a log.
They raised him and bore him away. In an hour he was at home and on the little bed which had been prepared for Nora, weary with her long voyage. At last he opened his eyes. Old Mr. Bawne bent over him; he had been summoned by the news, and the room was full of Connor's fellow-workmen.
"Better, Connor?" asked the old man, kindly.
"A deal," said Connor, "it's aisy now; I'll be with her soon. And look ye, masher, I've learnt one thing—God is good; He wouldn't let me brag Nora over to me, and He's takin' me over to her and Jamiesy, over the river; don't you see it, and her standin' on the other side to welcome me?"
And with these words Connor stretched out his arms. Perhaps he did see Nora—Heaven only knows—and then died.—*Exchange.*

Pennsylvania Poets.
A correspondent of the Springfield Republican says: We have all known much concerning Bayard Taylor—he was long before the world, wrote much, and early became popular by his first prose book. His early poems also were pleasing, and I remember some of them that I first read in the *Tribune* more than thirty years ago. He labored at poetry for many years in original verses, in translations, and at last in an ambitious drama of the world's history, which came out just before the author's death. It was a serious, earnest work, and in it the author pushed his talent as far as it would go—yet it still fell far short of genius. So we must say, too, of this collection of his shorter poems, which his friend Mr. Boker has edited, and his friend Stedman has commended in an elaborate review. There is much that is good in it, but nothing that is very good, and little that will be long remembered. "A miss is as good as a mile"—and he who just misses the poetic prize is as far from it as he who has never contended. I do not expect to see fine poets produced in Pennsylvania; that American Boetia has done much for mankind, but she has not contributed many memorial verses. There is something in this pan of locality—in some regions poetry will not be written for ages, if ever, while in others, like Attica and Scotland and New England, it seems to bubble forth from the ground or to be breathed in the air—so native and abundant is it. Who are the recognized poets of America? Bryant, Emerson, Longfellow, Whittier, Lowell, Holmes, Poe—all born in Boston, or within a shorter distance from that city than Harrisburg is from Pittsburgh, or Philadelphia from the oil wells. Perhaps the next crop of poets will spring up elsewhere—it may be in the South—but Pennsylvania will not yield them, nor quite know what to do with them.
A wake was in progress at San Fernando, Cal. The remains were quietly put aside, and a live man got under a sheet. When an old woman entered he sat up and shouted. The joke was so successful that the woman went into real convulsions.
A New York paper complains that the poorer attendants at some of the churches are without hymn-books, because of their extreme cost.

A Finger for a Nose.
Dr. Foote's Health Monthly for February. [We have read in fairy tales of transformations of men to animals and, vice versa, of arms to wings, legs to tails, etc., but such tales are children's stories, and all who believe in miracles say that now the age of miracles is past. Not quite, if seeing if believing; for at Bellevue Hospital, New York city, can be seen a man whose finger is being changed into a nose, not by a fairy's wand nor in the twinkling of an eye, but by the skillful art of plastic surgery and the slow processes of nature. The patient is a young man who by a series of misfortunes lost his nose, and had a depression in the place of the becoming proboscis. The surgeons are trying to construct a new nose for him, by placing the middle finger of the left hand, after removing the nail, in the place where the nose ought to grow, and creating adhesion between the finger and the face. Thus far the adhesions have progressed well, and all that remains to be done is to cut off the hand from the last two joints of the middle finger, leaving them to form the new nose. It will not be safe to do this until blood circulation has been established between the tissues of the face and the finger joined to them. In the meantime the patient is bearing his trials bravely, and with a good prospect of having a nose that will bear more blowing, both from within and without, than a wax one.]

A Serpent in a Cider Cask.
A farmer living near Salem, Pa., purchased a barrel of cider from a neighbor, of which he and one of his sons took a drink. Shortly after both became violently ill, and exhibited undoubted symptoms of having been poisoned. It was not known then that the cider had been the cause of their misfortune, until the farmer who had sold it to them examined and tasted it, when he, too, became ill. All three were confined to their beds for several days, and in the meantime the speculation was rife among the other farmers of the neighborhood as to what had poisoned the cider. When the sick ones recovered, the head of the barrel, whose contents had created so much trouble, was knocked in and the cider run out, when those present were horrified to find the body of a large black snake firmly pressed against the bottom of the vessel.

A Ticket Speculator—The politician.
Catarrh
NEVER-FAILING RELIEF
AFFORDED BY
SANFORD'S RADICAL CURE.
It is a fact that can be substantiated by the most respectable testimonials ever offered in favor of any proprietary medicine, that the Radical Cure for Catarrh does in every case effect a permanent cure. No matter how long standing, or how severe the disease, the first dose gives such evidence of its value in the treatment of Catarrh, that confidence is at once felt in its ability to do all that is claimed for it. It is a testimony of physicians, druggists, and patients, unanimous on this point, that the Radical Cure is in point of respectability superior to any ever before obtained in favor of a popular remedy. The proprietors, therefore, may justly feel proud of the position this remedy has attained, and believe it worthy of its reputation.

10 YEARS A SUFFERER.
From Hon. Theo. F. Bogert, Bristol, R.I.
"Messrs. WEEKS & POTTER, Gentlemen.—Feeling 'thoroughly convinced of the efficacy of your Radical Cure for Catarrh, I am induced to drop a line to say that although I have been skeptical of all the nostrums advertised as 'cures,' I have never found anything that promises such relief and cures as that of Sanford's. I have been afflicted with this dreadful disease for more than ten years, and not until recently could I be induced to purchase and use it. I read the letter of Mr. Henry W. Weeks, and can truthfully say that after using five or six bottles I am thoroughly convinced of its curative properties. Hoping that others similarly afflicted like myself will be induced to make the trial, I am, gentlemen, very truly, etc., THEO. F. BOGERT, Bristol, R.I., July 24, 1897."

CATARRHAL AFFECTIONS,
Such as Sore, Weak, Inflamed, Red, and Watery Eyes; Ocular and Inflammation of the Ear; Running Nostrils in the Head; Sore Throat; Enlargement of the Uvula and Swollen Tonsils; Nervous Headache, Neuralgia, Dizziness, Clouded Memory, Loss of Nervous Force, Depression of Spirits, and all carefully and scientifically treated with this Radical Cure, according to directions which accompany each bottle, or will be mailed to any address on receipt of stamp.
Each package contains Dr. Sanford's Improved Inhalant Tube, with full directions for use in all cases. Price \$1.00. Sold by all Wholesale and Retail Druggists throughout the United States and Canada. WEEKS & POTTER, General Agents and Wholesale Druggists, Boston, Mass.

COLLINS' VOLTAIC PLASTER
Affords the most grateful relief in Rheumatism, Weak Spine, Local Pains, Nervous Affections, Local Rheumatism, Tic Douloureux, Nervous Pain, Affections of the Kidneys, Fractured Ribs, Affections of the Chest, Colds and Coughs, Injuries of the Back, Strains and Bruises, Weak Back, Nervous Pain of the Bowels, Cramp in the Stomach and Limbs, Heart Affections, Enlarged Spleen, Bruises and Punctures, Rheumatism of the Wrists and Arms, Asthma, Gout, Local and Deep-seated Pains, Pain in the Chest, Itch in the Back, Pain in the Hip, Varicose or Enlarged Veins, Crick in the Back and Neck, Pain and Weakness in Side and Back, Hoarseness, Sore Throat, Lumbago, Whooping Cough, Sharp Pains in the Breast, Heart Disease, Quinsy, Diabetes, and for Lameness in any part of the Body.
Price, 25 Cents.
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20 Chromo Cards (perfect beauties) with name of Outfit, 10c. TURNER CARD CO., Oakland, Mass.

JOHN YEGEN.
BISMARCK D. T.
CITY BAKERY.
Bread, Pies, Cakes, Green Fruits, Confectionery, &c.
Choice Choice and Fresh and Delivered Free to any point in the City.

OLD AND RELIABLE.
DR. SANFORD'S LIVER INVIGORATOR
is a Standard Family Remedy for all diseases of the Liver, Stomach and Bowels.—It is Purely Vegetable.—It never Debilitates.—It is Cathartic and Tonic.
TRY IT.
To Have Good Health, the Liver must be kept in order; its unhealthy action causes Bilious Attacks, Jaundice, Constipation, Dyspepsia, Headache, Bowel Complaints, Seasickness, and other Disorders.
The Liver is the seat of malarial diseases. The Liver Invigorator protects the system from malarial influences. It Purifies the Blood, Regulates the Bowels, Assists Digestion, and Strengthens the System.
The Liver Invigorator has been used in my practice for more than 35 years, and by the public, with unprecedented results.
SEND FOR CIRCULAR.
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ANY DRUGGIST WILL TELL YOU ITS REPUTATION.

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COMEFORD & MALLOY.
Livery, Sale and Feed Stable.
Orders for the City Hack left at the office on Fourth Street.
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Leaves Bismarck daily except Sundays at 8 a. m. arriving at Standing Rock in fifteen hours.
Leaves Standing Rock daily except Sunday at 4 a. m. arriving at Bismarck in fifteen hours.
For freight or passage apply to
GEO. PEOPLES & CO., Bismarck, D. T.
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M. P. SLATTERY,
Wholesale & Retail Dealer in
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Manufacturer and Dealer in
BOOTS AND SHOES.
FULL LINE OF GLOVES, HOSIERY, TRUNKS AND VALISES.
GENTS' CUSTOM MADE BOOTS A SPECIALTY.
Prompt attention given to orders by mail.
PIONEER HARDWARE STORE,
GEORGE PEOPLES,
Having Purchased the Entire Business of R. C. SEIP & CO. I Shall Put in
NEW CAPITAL, NEW STOCK
IN EVERY LINE, AND BE PREPARED TO SUPPLY EVERYTHING USUALLY KEPT IN HARDWARE STORES AT LOWER PRICES THAN HERETOFORE.
COOK STOVES,
Enough to Supply the whole Region Bought and Shipped at Low Rates.
Tinware, Steamboat Supplies, Kitchen Ware, &c.
Large Stock of Pocket Knives, Shears and scissors.
Corner main and Third St., Bismarck, D. T.

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A very full line of Groceries and Dry Goods and satisfaction as to prices and goods guaranteed.
HOSTETTER'S
CELEBRATED
STOMACH BITTERS
Do you feel that any of your organs—your stomach, liver, bowels, or nervous system, falter in its work? If so, repair the damages with the most powerful, yet harmless, invigorant, Rhenish or that debility is the "Beginning of the End"—that the climax of all weakness is a universal paralysis of the system and that such paralysis is the immediate precursor of Death.
For sale by all Druggists and Dealers

REGULAR LOCAL LAY

THE TRIBUNE REPORTERS ON THE RAMPAGE.

Six Days in the Western Metropolis or Fallen Leaves from a Traveler's Note Book—Bound in Paper, 10 Cents.

Mr. Cockendall declines to run for city clerk—don't want it.

Dr. Porter is having a new coat of paint put on his office, 37 Main street.

Dr. Porter has a fine little store building for rent next to Justus Bragg's, 28 Main street.

Kissing, it is said, may now be done by telephone, but it is sweeter and nicer to be nearer the subject.

The employees of the steamer Eclipse received eighty-five per cent of their last summer's wages by the recent sale of the boat.

Joseph Dietrich has on the way from St. Paul a new twelve-passenger omnibus. Joe will do a pushing business this summer.

Dr. Bentley was called to Painted Woods Saturday night to attend Mrs. O. D. Meyer. The boy and mother are both doing well.

Mrs. McMahon, of Mandan, gave birth a few days ago to a boy which kicks the beam at twelve pounds. He is said to be an unusually strong and lively little fellow.

Robert, the "Melican" washee washee, is a rustler. He now has all the facilities for doing up nice curtains or anything else made from that delicate and valuable fabric.

The road between Bismarck and the landing is in a very bad condition. There is no reason why it shouldn't be in good repair as it is the leading business thoroughfare of the city.

About forty carcasses of dead horses and mules were removed by Ed. Sloan this week. They were placed on the ice chute for Yankton, and went down with the break-up of the Missouri.

Fourth Street has been turned into a military camp. The recruits for the 7th and 2nd cavalry being unable to get to Lincoln on account of the river smash-up have made that street their rendezvous, occupying as quarters the old 7th cavalry saloon and the market adjoining the Bismarck Hotel.

Mr. E. Lee, who has been engaged in the tent and awning making business during the past six months will soon close his business in this city. Persons desiring awnings should get them at once of loose a good opportunity, there being no one engaged in that business this side of St. Paul.

The Catholic Church was crowded Sunday afternoon to witness the marriage of Mr. Con Malloy, of the firm of Connelton & Malloy, and Miss Lillian Ryan of this city. The ceremony was performed by Father Crayson, and was followed in the evening by a reception of their host of friends.

John Hoagland is putting up a building for Coroner John Quilan, on the Forster lot on Main Street, 24x80 feet. It will not be used as a coroner's office nor for secret meetings of the "committee of five," but is another moon as fine a grocery house as there is in Bismarck will loom

up. Thurston Bros. will probably occupy it.

Mr. Henry Suttle has left at the TRIBUNE office some samples of the Triumph potato. They are perfect beauties. The original seed potatoes of this variety cost Mr. S. one dollar a pound, and from a bushel of them he raised last season one hundred and twenty-five bushels. See advt. in another column.

The annual school meeting will be held at the brick school house, Bismarck, Tuesday afternoon at 3 p. m. A board of directors will be elected and provision made for the public school for the ensuing year. The present officers are J. H. Marshall, director; J. P. Dunn, clerk, and W. S. Kenney, treasurer.

The man who winked at the Sheridan House waiter girl, and was asked if he had weak eyes, will not do so any more, as he has discovered that she carries a "pop" in her hip-pocket.

One of Roberts' brakemen on the second section of 21 had his hand severely crushed while coupling cars Tuesday, and was brought back to this city for treatment.

Chas. Kupitz has an agent below buying cattle for his market. Next fall he will fill his yard with a drove of Montana steers for the winter trade.

The new Northern Pacific switch engine is a beauty. She is just from the Baldwin shops, Philadelphia, and is of the latest improved pattern.

The break-up of the Missouri is always attended with a cold snap. The last few days are an example. You can plant potatoes next week.

Joe Dietrich still prospers, and is building a large barn and stable for the accommodation of his increasing omnibus and dray stock.

Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Baker will celebrate the tenth anniversary of their wedding Thursday evening next. The wedding.

The Fargo Argus says N. K. Hubbard doesn't read that paper but they support him heartily for mayor all the same.

The trains are running regularly again according to schedule time. The night freights are also on time.

Dispatch to Lieut. Grimes: "Set 'em up to the boys. Signed, April 1st. In other words, April fool."

The new switch engine, No. 51, arrived Tuesday. It will be run by John Flynn. Champion Hall is undergoing a thorough cleaning, kalsomining, etc.

Hitz Stoyell declines to run for city clerk on the citizens' ticket.

J. H. Marshall positively declines to run for treasurer.

Stoyell's law office is nearing completion.

Dunn & Co., Druggists, 63 Main street.

He Places His Last Pin.

C. L. Wilcox, well known in this city, was killed at the end of the track yesterday. He was crushed between two cars when coupling.

The Illustrated Edition.

From the present outlook the publication of the special illustrated edition of THE TRIBUNE will be delayed until the 23d instant, on account of the engraving, which it will take some days yet to finish. In the meantime a large amount of matter is being collected and will be boiled down for the occasion. The paper will contain just the information in relation to the country that is most to be desired by those looking to the West for homes or for investment. It will be a printed letter

to friends and will cover every point on which they desire information.

WHY?

Why was Gurley's cuff found in the cellarway?

Why didn't Jim Taylor of Ft. Stevens take the bet?

Why did not Taylor Davis meet John Smith in the Bad Lands?

Why does Charley Hurd wear a tooth-pick over his right ear?

Why don't you clean up your yard and remove the rubbish from in front of your store?

Why don't the city fathers declare some of the sidewalks in the city a nuisance?

Why didn't somebody see the soldier who took a hind quarter of mutton from Bragg's market yesterday?

Why don't the city improve the river road upon which Bismarck depends for much of its summer business?

Why don't some one put up a row of tenement houses? It is impossible to get a good, cozy house in the city.

Why did not Winston declare that Lieut. C. S. Gurley sent that black cat? and why did said lieutenant deny it?

Why is it that Bismarck young men cannot be made to believe that the moon is made of green cheese? Because it is honeymoon to them.

The Twelfth Re-union.

A large and jolly party turned out Tuesday evening to attend the twelfth re-union of the Ivy Club, given at Dr. Bentley's residence, Third street. The hobgoblinish appearance of the gay shadows as they flitted around to the tune of "Old Dan Tucker" was kept up until a late hour when word to unmask was given. Many were surprised to find on unmasking their dearest friend somebody else, and somebody else their dearest friend. The phantoms proved to the satisfaction of their friends that they were a class of ghosts more substantial than the denizens of the etheral regions by partaking heartily of the refreshments provided by their kind host and hostess. The evening soon drew to a close, everything having passed off pleasantly. The next meeting will be held at Mr. Baker's residence, Front street; and as this will be the last gathering of the season, the club should have an *en masse*.

COMBS, BRUSHES, TOILET ARTICLES, ETC., AT HOLLEMBAEK'S.

Misses' and Children's Shoes, At bottom prices at MARSHALL'S.

LAMPS AND SHADES, at cost at HOLLEMBAEK'S.

Announcement.

I hereby announce myself as an Independent Candidate for the office of City Justice, and ask the citizens of Bismarck, irrespective of party, for their support, promising a faithful performance of the duties of the office if elected. DAVID STEWART. Bismarck, March, 25th, 1880.

PLAYING CARDS, stationary and blank books at HOLLEMBAEK'S.

Read's Gilt Edge Tonic builds up all who have been reduced and weakened by sickness.

DRY GOODS

CLOTHING

TONIC

WHOLESALE GROCERS

RESTAURANT

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STATIONERY, BLANK BOOKS, ETC.

WINE, LIQUORS AND CIGARS, TOILET ARTICLES AND PERFUMERY.

WANTS, FOR SALE, RENT, ETC.

MISCELLANEOUS

POTATOES FOR SEED.

CORN FOR SEED.

LETTER LIST.

REED'S GILT EDGE TONIC

McLean & Macnider, Wholesale Grocers.

FORSTER'S RESTAURANT

DUNN & CO., DRUGGISTS,

W. A. HOLEMBAEK, Wholesale Druggist

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Clothing, Boots and Shoes, FURNISHING GOODS, Groceries Provisions, Tobaccos, Cigars & Smokers' Goods.

GOODS SOLD AT BOTTOM PRICES.

Main Street, Bismarck, D. T.

Carahoo's Market Garden and Poultry Yard.

VEGETABLES AND HIGH CLASS POULTRY.

Special contracts made with hotels and steamboats.

E. H. CARAHOOF, Prop., Bismarck, D. T.

Also dealers in all kinds of

W. H. W. COMER, TONSorial PARLORS,

Hair-Cutting and Shampooing

A Specialty. Hot and Cold Baths.

HOLMSTEAD.—At Fort Lincoln, D. T., at 4:40 p. m., March 27, 1880, after a protracted illness, Mr. Fred Holmstead of this city, aged 39 years.

Mr. Holmstead was buried at Fort A. Lincoln on Sunday, John G. Tritton conducting the funeral services on behalf of the Odd Fellows order of which Mr. Holmstead was a worthy member.

Chaplain J. W. Jackson preached the funeral sermon, Maj. John Carland aiding as chaplain for the lodge.

The Bismarck Odd Fellows Lodge passed the following resolution at its meeting Tuesday evening:

Resolved.—That the thanks of this lodge be tendered to Col. T. H. Ford, commandant at Ft. A. Lincoln; Dr. Wolpert, surgeon in charge of post hospital; Capt. Beach, Chaplain Walker, Adjutant W. C. Smith, Hospital Steward Smith, Maj. John Carland and nurse Monnet for their kind and unremitted attention to Bro. Fred Holmstead of this lodge during his last illness.

Resolved.—That a copy of this resolution, under the seal of the lodge, be forwarded to each of the persons named above and that a copy be furnished the Bismarck Tribune for publication.

MACNIDER.—Anna, twin daughter of Robert and Eliza Macnider, aged two years and ten days, departed this life March 27, 1880 at 6 p. m. The funeral was conducted from the residence of Mr. Macnider, No. 16 Main street, at 10 a. m., March 29th; sermon at the Presbyterian church by Rev. W. C. Stevens. The pall bearers were Henry A. Hollembaek, Henry Blakely, W. C. Snodgrass and I. B. Merrell. The funeral was very largely attended, several business houses being closed on the occasion, an indication of the very high esteem in which the afflicted family is held.

Little Anna's death resulted from a fall a few weeks ago which produced brain fever from which she died. Mr. and Mrs. Macnider desire to return heartfelt thanks to the many friends who so kindly came to their relief during their child's illness.

Just Received

A large invoice of very fine apples, Valencia oranges and Messina lemons.

For Catarrh

Marshall's prepared Cubeb cigarettes, at DUNN'S.

The Only Place,

If you looking for a place to get a tenderloin or porterhouse steak, remember Forster's restaurant.

Read's Gilt Edge Tonic is a mild corrective, and its purity and flavor are guaranteed.

Seeds

Fresh Flower and Garden Seeds, at DUNN'S.

PIPES, MEERSCHAUMS and Briar Root at HOLLEMBAEK'S.

Forster's, Forster's, Forster's.

Is the place to go for your day board

Liebig's Food

for Infants, at DUNN'S.

Am Now Receiving

Weekly a carload of choice stall-fed cattle, also live constantly on hand fresh veal, mutton and pork.

CIGARS AND PLUG TOBACCOS at wholesale at HOLLEMBAEK'S.

Use the Improved

Cubeb Cigarettes for Catarrh, sold at HOLLEMBAEK'S.

Rubber Boots.

Of all sizes for men, at MARSHALL'S.

Perfumes and Toilet Articles, a fine assortment, at DUNN'S.

WANTS, FOR SALE, RENT, ETC.

MISCELLANEOUS

POTATOES FOR SEED.

CORN FOR SEED.

LETTER LIST.

REED'S GILT EDGE TONIC

McLean & Macnider, Wholesale Grocers.

FORSTER'S RESTAURANT

DUNN & CO., DRUGGISTS,

W. A. HOLEMBAEK, Wholesale Druggist

JOHN LUDEWIG, DEALER IN

Clothing, Boots and Shoes, FURNISHING GOODS, Groceries Provisions, Tobaccos, Cigars & Smokers' Goods.

GOODS SOLD AT BOTTOM PRICES.

Main Street, Bismarck, D. T.

Carahoo's Market Garden and Poultry Yard.

VEGETABLES AND HIGH CLASS POULTRY.

Special contracts made with hotels and steamboats.

E. H. CARAHOOF, Prop., Bismarck, D. T.

Also dealers in all kinds of

W. H. W. COMER, TONSorial PARLORS,

Hair-Cutting and Shampooing

A Specialty. Hot and Cold Baths.

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